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FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS

Hailing The Advent Of The New Year

—*Vanguard*

INDIA'S VIGIL ON HER BORDERS

(SEE PAGE 9)

WEEK-END FUN

Police raided a gambling casino, where four men sat around a table, apparently playing poker. The police sternly questioned each man. "You're playing cards in defiance of the law," they told the first man.

"Not me," he replied. "I just sat down to talk.

"You're playing cards in defiance of the law," they shouted at the second man.

"Me," he replied, "you got me all wrong. I'm a stranger here."

"And you're playing cards etc.," they told the third man.

"Not me," he answered. "I'm just waiting for the King and Queen."

The police then stared at the fourth man, holding a deck of cards in his hands. "You, for sure, are playing cards," they exclaimed.

"Me playing cards?" he repeated. "With whom?"

★

Two men met in a seaside boarding-house.

"Where do you come from?" one asked.

"Lancashire," was the reply.

"Lancashire? By goom, lad, give me thi 'and"—and a shake followed. "Which part of Lancashire does tha' coom from?"

"From Oldham."

"Oldham? Give me both hands. The last man I met from Oldham pinched my watch."

★

An engineer walked into a fur emporium with a gorgeous blonde on his arm and demanded something expensive to hang on the curvaceous creature.

They yanked out something for about dol 500 and he rejected it with a snarl. "What alley cat did that come from? Bring me something nice."

Next came a dol. 5,000-number, then a dol. 10,000, but with each offering his demands grew louder for something better, much better. So finally they dug up the key to the vault and brought forth a coat worth about dol 2 less than a king's ranson.

"Now that's fine," said the engineer, as his companion stared goggle-eyed at the creation. "Here's my check. You investigate at my bank to make sure it is good and I will be back Monday for the coat."

But Monday when he returned, he found the store manager in a purple passion. "You fraud! You 'cheat! The bank never heard of you! If you want that coat you'll have to pay for it in cold cash."

"Oh, but I didn't come after the coat," said our hero. "I came to thank you for a wonderful week-end."

★

In 1944 the Fifth Army in Italy had set up a system of rotation, whereby one person was sent home from a company each month.

One evening, when our unit was in Anzio, I was at company headquarters when a corporal came into the orderly room and approached the first sergeant for permission to see the company commander.

After the okay was given, the corporal walked up to the C.O., gave a sharp salute and said, "Sir, Corporal David Lee Smith reporting. I understand that I am eligible for rotation."

The captain returned the salute, offered him a seat, then asked: "Why do you want to go home?"

"Get back to my wife, sir."

"How long have you been married?"

"Ten years, sir."

"Any children?"

"No, sir."

"How about letting a man with children go home?" the captain asked. There were several men anxious to get home to meet their children whom they had not yet seen.

"Sir, I'd like to have a child," Lee said.

"If you haven't had a child in ten years, you'll never have one!" the captain laughed.

"Sir!" Corporal Smith looked the captain straight in the eye. "We haven't licked the Germans yet, but it doesn't mean that we'll never lick them!"

The corporal received the rotation.

★

The touring company gave a performance of "King Lear", and the local critic wrote:: "If Shakespeare could have seen his play performed, he would have turned in his grave."

Next night the same company did "Othello." The leading actor thought he had made a hit this time, until he opened his paper and read: "We thank the company at the Buskin Theatre. Shakespeare is now on his back again."

★

BURGLAR ALARMED

The burglar who visited a Banstead (Surrey) House recently was determined not to make a noise. He took off his shoes, and crept into the living-room. Then he trod on a mouse-trap and aroused the whole household by his shout.

★

She was fat and over forty, but still kittenish. The young man she had cornered at the party was thinking hard for some excuse to escape.

At last he murmured: "Do you remember the youngster who used to tickle you under the chin at school?"

"Oh," she exclaimed, gushingly, "so that's who you are!"

"No," said he, blandly. "That was my father."

★

They were discussing a certain undefeatable and irrepressible politician.

"Well," summed up the smoke-room philosopher, "I'll tell you this about him. He might have typhoid and recover; he might have pneumonia and recover; he might have cerebral meningitis and recover; he might have yellow fever and recover! But—if he ever had lockjaw, by gad, sir, he'd burst!"

★

"Dad, why was Adam made first?"

"To give him a chance to say a word or two, I suppose."

★

A Scot living in London called at a cat's-meat shop one morning and asked that a quantity of meat be put aside for him every day.

Some time later the vendor was surprised when the man rushed in and told him to cancel the order for that day.

"What's the matter?" inquired the butcher. "Is your cat lost?"

"No, no, no," puffed the man, 'he's caught a mouse."

★

The regiment was trekking through the desert; it was arid and parched and not a drop of water was to be found. One man sat sadly on a stone, his head in his hands.

"What's the matter with him?" asked the sergeant.

"Home sickness," said Private Smith.

"We've all got that."

"Yes, but it's worse for him than for most of us—his father keeps a pub!"

★

MOTES AND BEAMS

Hamilton Fyfe, once editor of the labour party's "Daily Herald", contributes some lines to that journal which perhaps could well be considered by the "Herald's" staff: "If you're set on rank and riches and to win the world's esteem, to live and die respected and admired, be careful—never hint that things may not be what they seem. Acquiescence is the attitude required."

★

POOR REASONING

Publisher's puff for a new book by a Roman Catholic priest, entitled "poverty": "A study of poverty as an essential element in the Christian life, in which the teaching of scripture and tradition is fully displayed, and the mystical essence of poverty is also treated."

★

A SINGLE OR A DOUBLE?

A report covering a three-year study of alcoholism by a Philadelphia clinic disclosed recently that the chances of an American becoming a drunkard are doubled if he is married.

★

QUALIFICATION

A notice went up outside a grocer's shop in London. "Smart boy wanted", it read. Ten minutes afterwards, a rather red-faced small lad came out, hesitated, then pencilled on the notice: "But not too smart!"

MOPSY by GLADYS PARKER

I CAN'T GET UP, MAMMY. I JUST DREAMED I WAS FIGHTING WITH NANCY AND I'VE GOT TO GO BACK TO SLEEP SO SHE WON'T GET THE BEST OF ME!
GLADYS PARKER 11-3

Autographed cartoon of Sir Chintaman Deshmukh, Indian Governor of the World Monetary Fund, who came to London to meet Pt. Nehru and accompanied him to Washington.

A MATHEMATICIAN'S LOVE LETTER

★

"Dearest,

The force of mutual attraction between us seems to be stronger than the force of gravity because while the force of gravity decreases as the distance increases, this force remains constant.

I often remember some of your inestimable qualities. Like a good conductor of heat, your temperature rises rapidly, but, it must be conceded that the rate of cooling is equally rapid. Moreover, you defy the natural laws of science, when your melting point follows your boiling point. This phenomenon puts me in mind of the geographical laws, "Rain follows the heat".

No doubt, sometimes your mind and temper go off at a tangent, but it is highly creditable that they ultimately return to the circle. Friction is sometimes caused through a divergence of views, but your smartness oils the wheels of the discourse.

From my side, I assure you that the focus of my heart is a circle with you as the centre.

Our ideals run along parallel lines. Our views may not be identical like the two sides of an algebraic identity or two superimposed congruent triangles, but there is sufficient correspondence in our angles of view.

Taking the combination of males with females in this world, the total number comes to be a million million million. Among these, it appears from the above facts that our combination will prove to be a success.

It is as impossible to forget you as it is for two straight lines to enclose a space. Many lovers require a copy of the beloved to keep her constantly in mind. But, I have another device. In my algebraic equations, whenever I need an unknown constant, I use the initial of your name.

With lots and lots of intersecting straight lines.

Yours, HORIZONTALLY etc.

Autographed cartoon of Senhoro Caio de Mello Franco, Brazil's Ambassador to India, who was recently in Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the Government of Maharashtra on 21 April, 2017

CONQUEST OF DISEASE, DIRT AND POVERTY

Scientific Attack Bound To Produce Results

★

BY PROF. J. B. S. HALDANE

A newspaper recently asked Prof. Haldane whether, in his view, disease, dirt and poverty could be abolished after 20 years of peace. This is the answer.

OTHER people would have given a very different list of the three main curses of our civilisation. An Archbishop would have included irreligion and sexual promiscuity. I should have included ignorance. My answer would be that given twenty years of peace, we could hope that these evils would be abolished over half the world. But we have only got half way to peace. At present we are spending far more, not only reckoned in money, but in man-hours, on the armed forces than we were doing at the height of the South African war. If we wanted, we could make the main infectious diseases as rare as typhoid fever, perhaps as rare as cholera, in this country.

Measles, for example, kill over a thousand children per year on an average. Many of the deaths are registered as due to pneumonia, kidney disease, or the breakdown of some other internal organ, but they are after-effects of measles. You can see the spots on the skin. You can't see them in other places where they do more harm. Today we take it for granted that a child should get measles at school. The only thing we can do is to protect the babies from infection. For a baby in its first year is fifteen times as likely to die from an attack of measles as a child of five, and seventy times as likely to die of an attack of whooping cough.

Unfortunately, if a family is living in two or three rooms, it is impossible to protect the baby. Measles and whooping cough would be wiped out if for several months every case were isolated with as much care as we take over a case of smallpox. I doubt if it would be worth doing unless a number of States banded together to do it simultaneously, and then established a rigorous quarantine system, for all immigrants, even ambassadors.

Some other infectious diseases could be got rid of much more easily. Most cases of syphilis and gonorrhoea can be cured in a week or less with sulphanilamide derivatives and penicillin. But we have no legal method of getting hold of people with these diseases and shutting them up till they are cured. So it is quite likely that at present rate strains of germs causing them which are drug-resistant will spread until the drugs in question are of little use. This may please the bishops, and others who regard these diseases as a punishment for sin. But I think the tide is turning against them, and that when the public realise that these diseases could be wiped out, they will see that it is done.

It is too early to say whether streptomycin is an out-and-out cure for tuberculosis. It has certainly cured a number of cases. Unfortunately its preparation is a commercial secret. When this particular iron curtain is broken down, there is a good chance that tuberculosis may go the way of some other diseases and become a rare curiosity in civilised countries.

A great number of diseases are congenital, particularly diseases of the nervous system, such as paralysis, blindness and deafness, and mental deficiency. They are sometimes handed down direct from parent to child, but generally both parents are apparently normal. As we wipe out the infectious disease, these congenital diseases will become more important.

In practice most of these diseases are at present incurable. But there is no reason why all should not be cured. In one strain of mice in my laboratory, anaemic babies are constantly being born of healthy parents. They usually die within a day or two of birth. But they can be kept alive, and healthy enough to breed, by blood transfusions. There is every reason to think that human babies at present destined to early death or idiocy could be saved in the same way, if we knew enough. Unfortunately, hardly anyone is working on this problem in Britain and most other parts of the world, so even if we get those twenty years of peace I think the conquest of congenital disease would be a matter of fifty or a hundred years.

The group of diseases which we call cancer is holding up pretty well against the attacks of scientists, and I personally doubt whether we shall be able to control abnormal growth of tissues until we understand more about normal growth. Nevertheless cancer in its commonest sites, namely the breast, womb and stomach, is generally curable by operation, if it is tackled early enough. The most important step in the fight against cancer is to educate the public, and in particular to explain that the disease is seldom painful in its early stages. I think the betting is about even as to whether we shall get a really big break like penicillin, in the next twenty years.

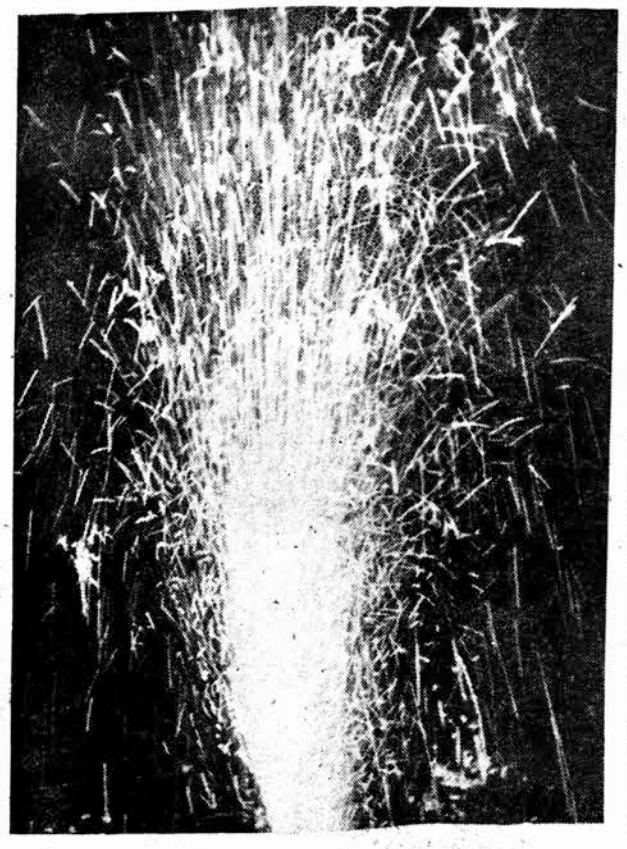
As for dirt, most of the dirt in big cities is due to smoke, and smoke is imperfectly burnt coal. The world is short of coal and this shortage may, and I hope will, lead us to economies in heating, lighting and power production which will automatically wipe out smoke. But we have an uphill fight. The proposed Southwark power station will certainly save a lot of coal and eliminate a lot of smoke. It is opposed because it is said that it will dwarf St. Paul's Cathedral. I happen to think Battersea power station is distinctly more beautiful than St. Paul's though less so than Salisbury Cathedral. Whether I am right or wrong, it has certainly beautified London by cutting down dirt.

I hope that within twenty years open coal fires will be illegal in large cities, the railways completely electrified, and factory furnaces rationalised. Of course, if we get atomic energy working, this will be an immense help to cleanliness.

Cleanliness demands a vacuum cleaner in every house, a power plug in every room, and no corners to collect dust. If I am right, then disease and dirt can only be conquered by a scientific attack, supported by an educated public demanding what their opponents would call a totalitarian policy, I believe in liberty. I want a great deal more of it, particu-

(Continued on page 26)

LIGHT THAT GIVES JOY



A ...f Diwali fireworks.

Kumari Hema Malini who is giving a series of dance recitals in the city is a front-rank Bharatnatyam artiste schooled in the traditional technique by Vidwan Ramayya Pillai. Her finished footwork and supple movements add charm and grace to "Nritta" and interpretational dances. Hema Malini has a special advantage, because she and her sister Padmini who accompany her in music, have studied Karnataki music under Sangeet Vidwan Maharajapuram Viswanathan.

Princess Goes To A Play

Princess Indira of Kapurthala, arriving at the Aldwych Theatre, London, for the premiere of Tennessee William's play "A Streetcar Named Desire".

The Tangled Web

BY YUSUF MULJIANI

He stood glaring at her with savage hatred in his eyes, his huge frame towering over her. He looked like a beast of the jungle about to rend her to pieces. Seething rage contorted his face and he trembled visibly in every limb with the immense effort that it cost him to check its violent outburst.

"I am warning you," he muttered in a voice hoarse with fury, "One more word about Sarla and I'll break every bone in your body."

For an instant she was cowed by the brute within him that she herself had aroused and instinctively she shrank back from him. There was a glint of fear in her eyes and then her face was suddenly aflame with just wrath as fierce as his own. Her indomitable spirit flared up again at the thought of all the wrongs that she had suffered at his hands and the humiliations to which he had subjected her.

"If you do so," she retorted bristling with anger," you will only prove yourself to be a coward and a cad that I know you to be, and as low and vile as that woman with whom you...."

Her words were cut off half-way. Asok's self-control had suddenly given way and raising his big hand he hit her hard across the mouth with all the animal-like strength at his command. She reeled back under it's shattering impact clutching her face with her hands and gazing at him with speechless horror. The marks of his fingers stood out livid against the white alabaster of her skin burning like a brand of disgrace and corroding her flesh. The stinging pain brought the tears to her eyes.

"This will teach you not to use your tongue so freely" he said and turning on his heels he walked to the bathroom with big rapid strides.

●

Meena stood motionless as if carved out of stone, following his exit from the bedroom with eyes fascinated by fear, her body doubled up with physical pain and mind tortured with anguish. Her face began to twitch painfully and drawing her shaking hands away from it she threw herself on the bed, burying her face in the pillow and crying in a low childish whine. She loved Ashok so much and so well. She had hoped that with time and devotion she might soften his heart towards her, finally succeeding in sowing in it the seeds of affection for her. With a sore and a bruished heart she realised that in hitting her he had now dealt a deathblow to that hope. She groaned in the agony of her spirit as she saw that golden dream of her sanguine heart now twisted and broken.

Before her marriage her girlish flights of fancies and highflown, soaring imagination had woven a romantic pattern around Ashok. His tall, well-built and virile figure; the weird beauty of his dark-complexioned skin and his husky voice in which there was a strange disturbing note of caress and passion had cast their captivating spell over her, irresistibly luring her towards him. But with marriage that spell was broken and the chimera of the pattern was shattered. Ashok was a hard-boiled cynic. A cruel and a selfish man, there was no place even in the tiniest nook and corner of his heart for sentiment romance. Utterly practical and calculating, he was incapable of being stirred by any nobler side of humanity. He was egotistical and self-centered and anything akin to kindness, pity and consideration for others was completely alien to his nature. He had uprooted from his mind and heart all that was good, decent and fine. Hence the priceless treasure and the boundless wealth of Meena's heart was completely wasted on him. Cold, bitter and sarcastic he had always chilled the warm and sincere overtures of friendship and love by Meena. But if it had not been for Sarla she could have meekly borne all this.

●

To Meena the discovery of Ashok's love for Sarla came as a bolt from the blue, blasting her cherished dreams of Ashok's love to smithereens. Her girlish vivacity and youthful gaiety began to die a slow lingering death from the time she discovered that Ashok had fallen in love with Sarla. But mingled with this heartache was also a curious feeling of surprise. She had never overestimated her personal charm and attraction, but in fairness to herself she could not help considering herself really beautiful. Her charm was of a tantalizing kind that maddened one's senses. Tall, graceful and commanding of stature she had a voluptuous figure. She walked with her magnificent body drawn up to it's full height in all it's majestic and regal splendour. She had auburn-coloured hair that hung down her shoulders in snaky curls and twists and her coral red lips when parting in a smile revealed a perfect set of small pearl-white teeth. Her black eyes had a magnetic attraction in their melting look of ardent passion and she had a most bewitching way of blinking them with her long eyelashes. Thus for Meena the suffering of unreciprocated love was also blended with a wounded pride. In the midst of her misery she could not help wondering what particular charm or attraction Sarla had that she did not possess and which had so completely ravished Ashok and snatched him away from her.

But however hard Meena tried with every womanly artifice and tender cajolings to hold Ashok to herself, it was all in vain. And so the bubbling fountain of her happiness began to dry up leaving her parched and thirsty for lack of his love. Her nature and character began to undergo a gradual but certain transformation. Her healthy and innocent mind began to imbibe the slow poison of the unwholesome atmosphere around her. The germs of mental ill-health began to spread rapidly till her frank and candid nature became diseased with fear and hate. Overnight, from an inexperienced, carefree girl, she became a woman of the world, assaulted by a cruel fate and battered by a hard life. Today the fermenting aggression against Ashok in Meena's heart finally found an outlet in open defiance against him and in harsh and cruel things that she had said to him about Sarla. The result was a humiliating blow to her pride.

"Don't be so cruel to my Ashok", she pleaded. "You know how much I love you".

Presently Ashok returned, dressed in shirt and trousers. He approached the bed and stood looking down at her, a mocking smile playing mischievously round his lips.

"Stop crying," he sneered, "if you expect me to take you in my arms and console you, you will be sadly disappointed."

She could not answer him immediately because of the pitiful little sobs that shook her frame and chocked her very breath. At last she turned round towards him with the entreating look of a wounded animal.

"Don't be so cruel to me Ashok," she pleaded, "you know how much I love you."

"That is your misfortune", he answered rudely, and turned away to continue with his dressing.

"I loved you even when I knew that you did not care for me," she continued between sobs, "but I always hoped that in time to come I could have your love in return. And I would have succeeded too had you not met Sarla."

Ashok burst into a loud guffaw which instantly changed into an unpleasant chuckle.

"You women are such fools," he said. uttering each word with evident relish, "for your information let me tell you that I was in love with Sarla long before I met you.

For a few seconds the real significance of his statement completely escaped Meena's comprehension. Then as its meaning began to sink slowly into her mind her convulsive weeping began to decrease, and finally it ceased completely. Blinking away her tears she got up from the bed and walked upto him near the dressing table, where he stood fixing his tie.

"Then why did you marry me?" she asked in a voice hardly above a whisper.

Ashok raised his eyebrows quizzically and gave her an amused glance. "Now don't make sweeping statements my dear", he chafed her, "I did not marry you. You married me".

●

Ashok finished fixing his tie and started to turn away, but Meena clutched him violenty by the shirt-sleeve.

"Alright, so I threw myself at you without pride, without shame, for love knows no pride or shame. And in your low and vile manner you have hurled that at me as an insult quite often. But that does not answer my question."

Ashok glanced grimly at her hand on his and then pulled it away roughly.

"I had credited you with sufficient intelligence to believe that by now you must be aware of the reason. I see, however, that my observations about women being fools is correct."

Meena remained quite indifferent to his flippancy, for by now the suspicion that had struck her began to form itself into a certainty, and she wished to verify it.

"Was it because of my money?"

"Your deduction is very brilliant my dear"

He stood looking at her with a flicker of cruel mockery in his eyes. Meena took a step closer to him and for a brief instant stared unflinchingly into his eyes, then quickly she slapped his face with all the frail strength at her disposal. Ashok was taken aback by surprise at the attack. But the very next moment he grabbed her viciously and hurled her across the bed. He had already raised his hand threateningly to hit her back when a servant outside knocked on the door and announced that Dilip had come to see Meena. Ashok dropped his hands.

"I suppose that makes us even," he said and putting on his coat stalked out of the room banging the door after him.

●

As he raced down the stairs he charged right into Dilip. Dilip managed Meena's vast estates, which her father had left her at his death, and had come to consult Meena about certain matters pertaining to these estates. He had just came out of the drawing-room into the main hall and at that very moment reached the foot of the staircase. While in the drawing-room he could hear faintly the voices of Ashok and Meena in the bedroom above come floating through the open door of the drawing-room. He could catch a few words of their conversation now and then as the rising crescendo of their voices reached a high pitch. Then a bit subdued her could only distinguish a low murmuring. For some time he had moved about the drawing-room restless and uneasy, and in that perturbed state of mind he had come out into the hall without any fixed or de-

(Continued on page 29)

WINGED BULLS AND LION-SPHINXES

Antiquities In Iraq

THE name of Iraq is mainly associated in the mind of the outside world with two things—oil and antiquities. The second of these is the more long-standing, for scholars and explorers from the West made pilgrimages to Babylon and Nineveh long before the mineral wealth of the country had begun to interest foreign industrialists. Throughout the land a strange variety of standing monuments testify to its illustrious past, and represent a succession of widely different periods in the longest history of any single state in the world. In Iraq the stone-built temples, the pyramids and rock-hewn tombs of Egypt are missing, for the natural building material is brick which does not stand up to the passage of time so well. Yet the ruins of many brick buildings survive and others have been brought to light by excavators' pick.

Almost every one of the city-states into which the Sumerians divided the country from the thirtieth to the twentieth century before Christ, has left traces of its capital city, with ruins of temples and palaces. The most prominent feature of these is always the great temple—tower or 'ziggurat' at the summit of which the central shrine was built. At Ur-of-the-Chaldees, Kish, Eridu, Aqer Quf, near Baghdad, and a dozen other sites the denuded remains of these great structures are reared up against the sky like eerie Towers of Babel. But it has needed the excavators industry to expose the buildings which cluster round their bases and to recover their treasures. They are in fact all that remains above the ground of Sumer and Akkad, and the same may almost be said of Babylon and Assyria. Babylon itself before excavation was no more than a vast brick-field while the four capital cities of Assyria on the Upper Tigris were mere mounds, and even their identification was doubtful.

It is true that high among the rocks at certain places in the northern mountains the Assyrian kings had carved the images of their gods and inscribed the records of their accomplishment: in the pompous idiom of their own language, but elsewhere only the lion and the lizard kept watch where they and their Babylonian contemporaries had "gloried and drunk deep."

Contemporaneous With Christ

One of the best preserved ruins of Iraq dates from the Parthian dynasty of the Persians who ruled Iraq during the lifetime of Jesus Christ. This is the city of Hatra whose ruined walls and houses surround the remains of a great temple-palace. Its splendid isolation on the banks of an almost dry river-bed in the middle of the Jasirah desert appeals greatly to the imaginative visitor. Twenty miles below Baghdad on the Tigris, the famous arch of Ctesiphon was built several centuries later by a Sasanian king. Half of the great brick facade of his palace still survives, leaning today upon a powerful buttress built recently by the Iraq Government. The ruins of the arch itself have also been strengthened. Its vast arc of masonry is still seen against the sky and recognized as the greatest span of any similar brick structure in the world. Also in the desert, west of Kerbala, another splendid ruin attracts many visitors in spite of its remote situation. This is the fortified palace called Al 'Ukhaidir, built in the early years of Islam by some eccentric Arab potentate. Its buttressed enclosure wall and many of its stone vaulted chambers remain almost intact, and form an astonishing landmark in the waterless desert.

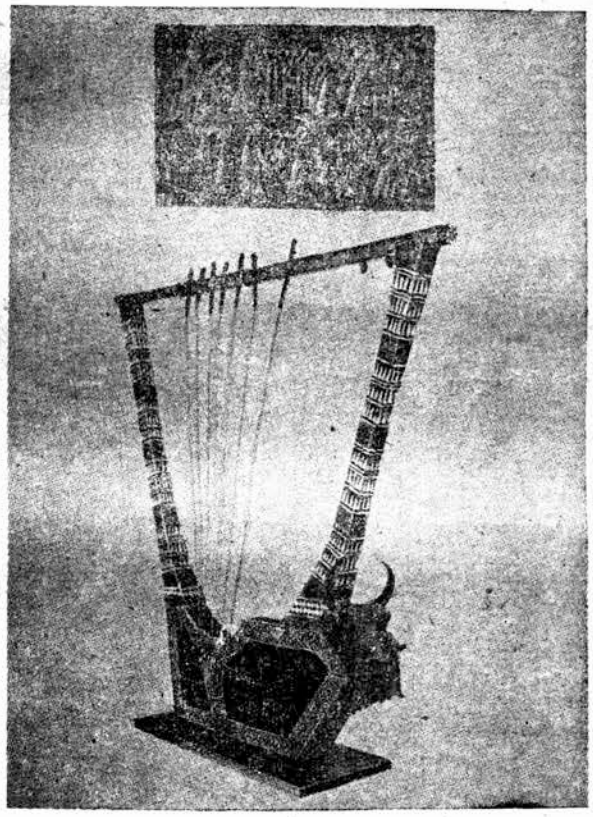
Later Islamic buildings are numerous. Dating from the time of the Abbasid Caliphs in the eighth century A.D. is the astonishing mushroom-city of Samarra, seventy miles north of Baghdad. Built, occupied by a succession of Caliphs and abandoned, all within a space of fifty-six years, its mosques and mansions once spread themselves for a distance of over twenty miles along the left bank of the Tigris.

Still standing are the walls of two enormous "Friday-Mosques" with strange, spiral minarets recalling the Babylonian 'ziggurats' and the great central archway of the Caliph's palace. Those buildings and the entire layout of the town were planned with studied magnificence, and the tiny modern city with its golden dome serves to accentuate the colossal scale on which the Abbasids built.

It is in fact surprising that in Baghdad itself, their original capital, considerably fewer traces are left today of their accomplishments. The famous circular city built by Al Mansur in 762 A.D. on the right bank of the Tigris afterwards formed a splendid setting for the court of Harun al Rashid and the capital of an empire which extended from China to Spain. Yet so thorough was its destruction by Hulagu's Mongol hordes that today hardly a trace of it remains and even the site of his famous palace with its green dome is uncertain. In his lifetime a suburb had begun to grow up at Rusafa on the opposite bank of the river, and in the Middle Ages this assumed the heritage of Mansur's city and the name of Baghdad. The lines of its walls enclose the nucleus of the modern city, but the only architectural remains of old Rusafa are the famous college building of Al-Mustansir Billah called the Mustansiriyah and the Abbasid palace in the citadel, whose ruins have now been partly restored. Few other buildings in Baghdad have survived the seven centuries of war and general insecurity which have intervened between the fall of the Caliphate and the present day, but certain of its mosques, ..notably that which covers the tombs of the two Imams at Khadimein make up in the richness of their ornament for what they lack in antiquity. The city of Mosul has perhaps suffered less at the hands of invaders. Here numerous buildings have survived with mediaeval ornaments beautifully carved in stone. The best of these date from the time of the curiously named Atabeg Sultan, Badr-ud-Din Lulu. In the Shi's cities of Kerbela and Nejef, the fine ornament and accumulated treasures of the two famous shrines are known to foreigners only by hearsay.

Mesopotamian Culture

Until a hundred years ago the buildings we have just mentioned were all that remained to testify to the antiquity of Mesopotamian culture. Since that time archaeological excavations have added a great wealth of historical information and ancient works of art. The story of exacavating in Iraq may be divided into three separate chapters. From about 1840 until the end of the last century the work of the great pioneer archaeologists, English and French, was mainly devoted to the investigation of the Assyrian capital cities and the removal of their treasures. The Ottoman Government showed little interest in antiquities, and during those years many heavily-laden barges and rafts floated down the Tigris, carrying the fine sculptures of the Assyrians destined for the principal museums of Europe and the New World, and priceless historical documents for decipherment by the western scholars whose industry and ingenuity had recently made the process possible.



The Gold Cylinder seal and lyre from the Royal graves at Ur of the Chaldees B.C. 3000-2750.

To take an example, in King Sennacherib's palace at Nineveh Sir Henry Layard unearthed "nearly two miles of bas-reliefs and twenty-seven portals formed by colossal winged oulls and lion-sphinxes." In this palace and in that of Ashurbani-pal nearby, he also discovered two libraries containing more than 25,000 clay tablets or books inscribed in the wedge-shaped characters of the time.

These revealed in detail not only the greater part of Assyrian history, but the bulk of Assyrian science and philosophy, from chemical formulas to lyric poetry.

Sumerian Art

The early years of the present century were mainly notable for the advent to the Mesopotamian field of German archaeologists and the improvement by them in their work at Babylon and Ashur of excavating technique. At Babylon in particular traces can be seen of their conscientious planning of important buildings. The best preserved of these was the famous Ishtar Gate, the upper part of which was removed and reconstructed in Berlin. Our second chapter does not begin until the years immediately following the I World War, when an Iraqi National Museum was created on the initiative of Miss Gertrude Bell, and an Antiquities Law drafted to apportion the finds of foreign excavators. There followed a score of years during which sixteen foreign institutions of five different nationalities sent archaeological expeditions to Iraq. Their labours, in co-operation with local antiquities authorities filled the new museum with priceless works of art, and built up many completely new chapters in the history of early Mesopotamian culture, and so of world-civilization.

Monuments Of Culture

In fact it was the marvellous discoveries of Sir Leonard Woolley at Ur-of-the-Chaldees, which in the early nineteen-twenties, astonished the western world and concentrated all eyes on the brilliance of Sumerian culture. His Royal Tombs, with their wealth of gold and precious stones and gruesome "death-pits" occupied the headlines of the world press.

It seems that these Sumerian notables were not only buried with all their personal finery and possessions but were accompanied to the grave by a great retinue of guards and male or female attendants, fully equipped and dressed in ritual ornament, who in their turn became human sacrifices to the after-world comfort of their masters. Many of the most famous treasures of the Iraq museum are from this source. Weapons and vessels of finely-chased gold or silver, elaborate personal ornament of lapislazuli, crystal and cornelians, musical instruments, gaming-boards, toilet sets and the marvellous golden wig-helmet of a Sumerian prince all testifying the splendour of these ancient courts and the advanced craftsmanship of the Sumerian people. As we have said many other archaeologists followed in Woolley's footsteps and mounds in all parts of the country contributed a striking variety of antiquities from the strangely modern-looking sculpture of the southern sites to the exquisite painted pottery of the northern cultures, dating from four thousand years before Christ.

The third chapter in our story has hardly begun. The outbreak of World War II put an end to the activities of our foreign visitors, and the Iraqi Department of Antiquities alone was left to preserve the continuity of archaeological research in the country. Fortunately as a result of long-term technical training the young Department was now well equipped in this respect and an enlightened treasury did not find it necessary to curtail the sum budgetted for excavation. It has consequently proved possible in the past five years for work of this character to be undertaken at five carefully chosen sites and the results have in almost all cases been sensational.

The now-famous "Painted Temple" at 'Uqair with its remarkable pre-historic frescoes, the Treasure Chamber and vaulted wine-cellar of King Kurigalzu at Aqer Quf with its Kassite inscriptions, and the stone-age settlement of the first Iraqi farmers at Tell Hassuna all represent notable pieces of research, and have added a new section of exhibits to the Iraq Museum. In the Islamic field the discovery of Al Hajjaj's Palace and mosque at Wasit and the Abbasid Mansions of Samarra have both produced interesting publications.

Furthermore in Baghdad the Iraq Museum no longer stands alone. The restored Abbasid Palace and the Khan Mirjan house a fine collection of Arab antiquities. The Mediaeval city gate known as Bab al Wastani is now rebuilt as a Museum of Arms. At South Gate there is a museum of National Costumes and a Memorial Exhibition to the late King Faisal I. Connected with these are the beginnings of a National Gallery of Modern Art. Finally both Babylon and Samarra have small local museums containing plans, photographs and scale-models of the principal buildings found there.—"IRAQ".

MALAYA REDS FIND SANCTUARY

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No-man's Land On Siam's Southern Frontier

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SECURITY forces operating south of the Malayan-Siam border know full well that Malaya's terrorists have large reserves resting, training and absorbing party propaganda in Southern Siam.

They know too, that many of the military leaders and instructors in the organised camps there are Japanese.

They know too, that many of the military leaders and instructors in the organised camps there are Japanese.

Estimates of the bandit forces of the frontier vary from 600 to 2,000. Some officials say that there are at least 30 Japanese with them, including a medical officer, while others put the figure at 200.

However that may be, it is a fact that the present all-out British offensive against terrorists reaches an anti-climax on the Siam border.

Pact In Making

Terrorists who are hunted men in the Malayan jungles have been seen relaxing in the coffee shops across the frontier. Siam is their sanctuary, their neutral corner.

All that will be changed if a new agreement upon which the Governments of the two countries are working comes into force. Under this Malayan police would be permitted to cross the frontier in pursuit of gunmen. They would be allowed to penetrate into Siam to a depth of 40 miles in some parts, five miles in others.

This would mean that the belt of jungle country fringing the border where the majority of the wanted terrorists are believed to be hiding would come within the operational scope of the Malayan police.

Liaison officers would be exchanged by the two frontier forces under the agreement and the forces would be in direct contact by radio.

Authorities believe that this co-operation between the two forces will alleviate the problem of the terrorists sheltering in Siam, although it will not solve it.

The population in Siam adjacent to the frontier, they declare, is 90 per cent Chinese, who have shown signs that they are willing to harbour the bandits.

Only on few occasions in the past year have the Siamese police been able to engage armed terrorists from across the border.

Reds' Sanctuary

Once in Siam, the guerillas make a point of keeping within the law. This is not so difficult because Siam has no anti-Communist legislation and no state of emergency exists, as in Malaya.

The task of preventing the terrorists in Malaya from being reinforced from Siam across the tortuous 450-mile jungle-backed frontier is also formidable.

Harassed bandits who cross the border to escape the hard-hitting security patrols in the south are able to continue the "collections for party funds" from frightened Chinese 'towkays' (capitalists) in Siam.

Police believe that terrorists in temporary residence there get money for the cause by working with opium smugglers. They have been caught escorting the dope across the border.

A few months ago, a patrol of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry ambushed a party which had crossed into Malaya by night. One of the bandit escort was killed and the others fled, leaving behind 17 sacks stuffed with processed opium worth 500,000 dollars (over £60,000 sterling) on the blackmarket in Penang and Singapore.

A senior Siamese police officer told me that he knew Malayan terrorists came into Siam to rest but, he believed, that they remained for only a week or two before returning to the fray.

There is some evidence that some bandits even leave their weapons behind in Malaya. Other reports indicate that there are some camps in the notorious Betong salient, Siam, where the bandits repair their firearms and fill ammunition.

I have recently travelled several hundred miles, talking to authorities on both sides of the frontier.

The contrast between the order of things in the two countries is astounding.

Malaya is martial, Siam serene on the surface.

In the underground Siamese Communist movement, anything could be happening. One consular official told me that there are 5,000 Communist party members among the Chinese in the four southern States.

Travelling in an armour-plated car from Penang to Kroh in Upper Perak, just below the Siam border, was no joy ride. My escort nursed his carbine as we sped through bright rice fields and dismal rubber plantations. Near me, in case of an ambush, was his revolver.

From Kroh to the frontier, there were no arms in the car because we were visiting the independent sovereign State of Siam. But it was a little disconcerting to see a convoy armed to the teeth setting out simultaneously for nearby Klian Intan.

After ten tense minutes on a narrow road through high, bamboo-entangled jungle, we came to the abandoned post on the Malayan side of the border. It was evacuated 18 months ago because it was in an undefendable gully.

One hundred yards further on, in the same vulnerable gully, is the Siamese post alive with unarmed, happy-go-lucky officials and their families.

At Betong, the first Siamese town across the border at this point, the district officer, Prince Thongkhamplawe, scoffed at my suggestion that some of Malaya's terrorists may have come into Siam.

"No, no", he said. "We have no terrorists here. It is all peaceful over this side."

Prince Thongkamplawe told me that the local police who had been busy looking for Malayan bandits had caught several Indians trying to smuggle water buffalo into Malaya to sell them at double the price they fetch in Siam.

Meanwhile frustrated security forces south of the border chase fleeing terrorists to the frontier, where they have to stop in their tracks.

Until the new agreement comes into operation, they have to advise the Siamese police through the proper channels that some slippery bandits have crossed into their country.

Total War In Malaya

It is total war in Malaya with police and troops hammering at the terrorists relentlessly with the object either of killing the gunmen or, at least, of keeping them moving. Further south, in central Malaya, forces of battalion strength are sweeping the jungle on the hunt for large bands, some 200 strong, depriving them of the surplus food in the squatter areas and carrying out huge screening operations.

"We follow up every little clue. The only way to catch a fish is to keep your fly on the water", was how one Company Commander summed up the position.

We drove along the Changlun-Sintok road which earlier in the year was considered to be one of the "reddest" roads in Malaya. Ambushes were so frequent then that the undergrowth was cleared 30 yards back from the road to put traffic out of sten gun range of the nearest jungle.

This once thickly-populated, rich Sintok basin and the surrounding hills are now forbidden territory.

The Chinese squatters who lived there were supporting the bandit gangs on the border to such an extent that the Government evacuated the entire community of over 1,000 and closed down a tin mine.

Dead Town

This dead town stands as evidence of cost and suffering that the terrorists have imposed on Malaya. Most of its former Chinese inhabitants have been sent back to China.

When Sintok was the supply centre for the terrorists, more than 1,000 guerillas were concentrated in nearby camps according to police intelligence.

These gangs have now been broken up. Some of the members have moved east, others have joined their comrades in the Malayan jungle.

The northern frontier police force has been formed in Malaya to try to make a concerted effort to check illegal immigration, traffic in arms, ammunition and drugs across the border.

The force is 500 strong, heavily-armed and will be supported by Gurkha, British army and Malay troops.

New police stations are being built and a frontier jungle training school has been set up at Sik in Kedah. But effective co-operation with the Siamese police is the real answer.

Without this, senior intelligence officers say, the task of cleaning up the terrorists in Malaya is hopeless.

"DO NOT BREAK THE BRAVE SPIRIT OF THE SIKH COMMUNITY BY SAYING. WE ARE INJURED, WE ARE HELPLESS, WE ARE IN A HOPELESS MINORITY." SARDAR PATEL
KNOW YOUR STRENGTH!

ASIAN LEADERSHIP IS BEING THRUST UPON INDIA. INDIA DOES NOT WANT ANY KIND OF LEADERSHIP. — NEHRU
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BRANCHES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY

WHAT I THINK OF U.N.O.

By Eleanor Roosevelt

I KNOW that many people in the United States and other nations today wonder what is the use of the United Nations. "It is just a debating society. It doesn't do anything." Those are criticisms one can hear almost anywhere, and to my mind they are quite unjustified.

I would like to ask everyone who has made or been tempted to make some such criticism of the United Nations to remember just one fact: When the United Nations was set up in the spring of 1945, we thought that as soon as the war came to an end we would make the peace. And the organisation that was set up was to function in a peaceful world, maintaining the new peace and creating an atmosphere in which lasting peace could grow and develop. But peace has never been made, and because of that there is dumped in the lap of the United Nations a large number of political questions it was never expected or designed to deal with

In addition, in this period in which no peace has been made, a rift has developed and widened between the world's great nations. As long as they cannot come to an agreement on certain questions, the complete organisation of the United Nations is impossible.

What Kind Of Force?

For example, they cannot agree on what shall happen in the realm of atomic energy. Therefore, there can be no agreement on what kind of force there should be at the disposal of the United Nations and until the world has force within the United Nations it is obliged to have force somewhere else. That is one reason you hear such constant complaints, as, "Why do we have to pour money into Greece? And why must we build up the armies of the Atlantic Pact Nations? Why must we do this and why that? If the United Nations were really doing its job, there would be need."

But the United Nations cannot use force, or even the threat of force, to maintain peace until its member nations are able to complete their organisation, establishing collective force. And there cannot be collective force until there is some kind of agreement as to how Communism and democracy are to live in the world together.

All this means, of course, that we must look at the United Nations from a different point of view, emphasising what it has been permitted to accomplish rather than what it had been expected to do.

The Security Council for example, was intended to take care of problems that were a threat to world peace. It was expected to use force if necessary. But it has no collective force to put behind its decisions. And while moral force has value—as events in Palestine, Kashmir, Indonesia, and elsewhere have proved—moral force has not the same value as the ability to say to an aggressor, "You must stop or be stopped". When you put moral force behind something, you have to persuade—you cannot order—and persuasion takes far longer and requires far greater understanding.

Important as the Security Council is, however, I prefer to focus attention on those other parts of the U. N. which the Charter set up to encourage an atmosphere in which world peace might grow.

The people who wrote the Charter did not assume that peace was going to drop down on us like a beneficent blanket from heaven and be with us for ever. They were quite realistic about it. They knew that, even though we made a peace, we would have to work year in and year out, day in and day out, to keep that peace, and to see that the atmosphere of the world was conducive to its growth. They knew that throughout the world there were tremendous difficulties and that it would take a long while, for instance, to make it possible for the people of our country to understand the importance to us of what was happening to people in South Africa, or in India, or in Siam.

They set up, therefore, the specialised agencies, to begin to do practical things in the world that would increase understanding and, being done on a world scale, would help bring about world understanding of special problems.

The special problem of wind erosion of farmland is one a limited number of Americans now know how to meet. It is one of the multitude of agricultural problems that need to be tackled on a world scale, and for the first time it is being done. It is really exciting because it is a fundamental thing. The nations of United Nations Food and Agriculture Organisation are trying to prevent, by providing more food, the wars which have resulted when hunger forced peoples to move out of devastated areas.

The U.N. And World's Health

Another important specialised agency is the World Health Organisation. To be sure, all the nations aren't in it yet, but it is functioning—and very effectively. This year it is attacking a problem that a citizen of the United States or Britain may not think important because we have faced and met it pretty well. Tuberculosis isn't a terrifying disease to us. But at the United Nations Assembly last autumn, I met with a good many students. One night a group came in to see me. They wanted to get in touch with young people of similar interests in America.

In the course of conversation an older woman who was in charge said their major needs were clothes and food. I asked if they had had a good deal of illness. She said "Oh, yes, madam. Fifty per cent of our students are either tubercular or on the border.

What would we think if 50 per cent of the students in American or British universities were either tubercular or on the border?

When I was in Holland a year ago last spring I went with Queen Juliana to see the first and only—and small—hospital where they were caring for young tuberculous students who could not keep up with their university studies. Queen Juliana told me that they didn't know yet the percentage of tuberculosis among their children. She guessed that of the resistance movement youngsters who would soon attain university age there were probably between 40 and 50 per cent who had the disease.

Safeguarding The Children

Conditions similar to those in Holland can be found in other countries, and it is vital that tuberculosis be attacked on a world scale. This would be true even if we Americans and British were the only ones concerned. Our children are going to have to run the world with these Dutch and French and other children and, unless physical and mental and spiritual help comes to the youngsters of all the countries in the world, our children are going to have a hard time—a harder time than we had. No matter how healthy and fortunate otherwise they may be, the world isn't going to be a normal place to live in if the peoples of other nations are warped by disease and hunger and frustration.

The Food and Agriculture Organisation, the World Health Organisation, and eleven other specialised agencies are linked to the United Nations through the Economic and Social Council. One of them, the Human Rights Commission, was set up almost immediately after the establishment of the Council. I want to cite a few of the difficulties confronting this organisation which should make you more tolerant of its operation and help you realise how trying it is to work in an international group.

Many persons feel the Human Rights Commission can be important because it has written the Universal Declaration of Human Rights which was adopted by the General Assembly in Paris and which may become one of the pillars of world peace in the future.

Justus in The Minneapolis Star

"Ever hear the story of the talking bear?"

After I came home from Paris I had a letter from a gentleman who asked: "How could you as the United States delegate accept Article 1 of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights when our declaration (in the U.S Bill of Rights) is different:"

"Equal In Dignity And Rights"

The reason, of course, is that there were 58 nations sitting around the table in Committee Three, which brought the draft to the Assembly, and there were also 58 nations in the General Assembly. Of these, 48 nations approved it. Committee Three spent four weeks on the first three articles and we made three changes. In Article 1 we changed the familiar, "All men are created equal", to "All human beings are born free and equal in dignity and rights."

Why say all human beings? Because in Committee Three, which deals with humanitarian, social, and cultural matters, there are a number of women. They are the ones who changed "all men" to "all human beings."

Many of them come from countries where the great mass of women have no equality and no recognition, and they are very conscious of that situation. That's the first chance, and it illustrates that conditions in different parts of the world have great effect on an international document and on an international situation

One Word, Many Meanings

The differences in languages are another source of problems. We have five official languages—English, French, Russain, Chinese, and Spanish—into which all statements are translated. It frequently happens that there is a disagreement between the man who speaks and his interpreter. The speaker will stop the translator—we listen with earphones to whichever of the five languages we wish—and say he isn't getting the meaning, and sometimes the speaker will take over the translating for a sentence or two himself. When the Russian delegate did just this at one of our meetings, I told him his insistence on making the English translation, "no discrimination because of estate," would mean very little to us. So he changed it to, "no discrimination because of class." I said: "We think we are getting away from classes that divide human beings, so let's not say 'class.' He finally settled on "birth" as translating his idea. And then the Chinese delegate, who is much more of a stickler for proper English than most of us who speak it, said he would accept "birth" but that it must be preceded by the words, "race or...." This did not please the U.S.S.R. delegate and it took us some time not only to get the right word, but to put it in the place which was satisfactory.

These international differences and intricacies are all so interesting, though often discouraging, because one is constantly learning new things about other peoples—learning to understand them and co-operate with them. But the problems are so many and we need to know so much that, when an agreement is finally reached, one often wonders how it ever was achieved.

"Democracy Isn't Just A Word"

Our first task in finding ways to get along with the Communists is to find ways to make democracy mean what we say it does. And we have to make democracy work in our own own country where other peoples can see it function. They can't see inside Russia, but here they can see everything that happens, and can see that freedom of information is in itself one of our first advantages.

The Western nations can, and must, show that democracy isn't just a word, but that it means regard for the rights of human beings; that it means that every human being, regardless of race or creed or colour, has equal dignity and equal rights; that it means that we care about the kind of freedom which allows people to grow, and allows them to develop their own potentialities and their own interests; that we recognise that democracy, as a basis for government, has to assume certain obligations to its citizens.

It will not be enough to establish

(Continued on page 28)

FATHER OF POLITICAL SCIENCE

Kautilya Envisaged Modern Welfare State

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Kautilya of "Arthasastra" fame is the Father of political science. Sometimes called as Chanakya or Vishnugupta, he flourished in the fourth century, B. C. as the Prime Minister of Chandra Gupta II, and both in practice as well as precept, laid the foundation of the nucleus of a modern state. In this article contributed to the Calcutta Review, Mr. Thomas Hovet, a post-graduate research scholar in New York University throws light on how Kautilya looked ahead of his times in the Conception of the Welfare State.

NOW I am speaking specifically of the thinker and political statesman Kautilya (Chanakya or Vishnugupta) who played an important part in India around the fourth century B.C. From a comparative point of view Kautilya is an extremely fascinating individual. He lived in a chaotic period which pleaded for a unity of the vast area of India, and acting as chief minister to Chandragupta, he succeeded through his ideas to unite the area under the Mauryan dynasty.

Similarly in China in 221 B.C., a unity came out of chaos because of the ideas of another thinker, Shang Yang, who was the chief minister to Chin Shih Huang Ti, the first Emperor of China who united China under the Ch'in dynasty. Likewise in Italy around 1494, Niccoli Machiavelli was also concerned with a unity of Italy and exerted his influence as a minister, but failed to see his realization when the return of the Medici drove him from his influential post. Thus through the curious coincidence that history provides there were three thinkers and political statesmen who each had an unbending sense of achieving unity in their vast countries, each in a position of influence though not rulers, each the author of a work on the practical realm of ruling and achieving a unified empire—one of which failed in his goal (Machiavelli), one of which succeeded only temporarily (Shang Yang—who after 18 years saw the Ch'in replaced by the Han dynasty), and one who succeeded in his aspirations (Kautilya).

All three of these individuals have since their time been the subject of great attack, because they laid bare the methods of governing. Their ideas were giving to politics an assured and scientific basis, treating them as having a proper and distinct value of their own entirely. Machiavelli and Shang Yang have been specially attacked because of the complete lack of ethical concept in their ideas Kautilya has borne the brunt from both sides. Now I am not here defending these thinkers necessarily, but I am concerned with their ideas as they relate in context, placing emphasis on Kautilya and citing Shang Yang and Machiavelli, where interesting and appropriate This is a necessary approach because the very completeness of the views of Kautilya make similar ideas of Machiavelli and Shang Yang appear as but paragraphs here and there from a great complete book

Kautilya's concept of the nature of the state easily indicates the extreme thoroughness of his thought. Like the modern accepted definition of a state he felt that a state had three elements, people, a definite territory, and an organised government (a ruler and a code of laws). However he felt that the duty of the government—the ruler—did not end in the protection of life and property only

Its further purpose was to help the individual in self-realization, and as such it must be founded on a strong economic basis, strong enough to be capable of accommodating and supporting the people, to enable man to realize the aims of life, to lessen the struggles of existence at home, to lessen dependence of the community on the outside world, to be in a position to help other sections of humanity in distress and thereby ensure an existence conducive to the happiness of man in this life and paving the happiness of man to a brighter one beyond. This sense of a state certainly presents a concept of organized society as a social welfare state directed towards the aims of the self-realization of man—certainly an extremely modern concept.

His state was in its ends and functions an economic state—a repository of resources for the common good to be distributed to the subjects by the ruler with fatherly care. This was a point of major difference with Machiavelli, for he had said that if men were to be allowed to pursue their satisfactions they would be calculating.

His Speciality

Kautilya believed that the reins of government should be entrusted to a single sovereign—the king, with certain royal prerogatives of being the embodiment of all authority, and at the same time holding a tremendous responsibility for the welfare of the people. In a very definite sense, his state was a state of totality, and as such impinged on all aspects of life. Nonetheless, it was not a state of totality in the sense that Shang Yang visualized the state. To Shang Yang the aim of the state was to unify, and in doing so, if necessary, to make the people as weak and as simple in their interests as possible. Thus there was a tremendous difference between the two thinkers, for Kautilya was concerned with unity, but for the benefit of the ruled. Machiavelli, the other political realistic thinker, occupied a slightly different position—he believed in a democratic republic when possible, but he advocated an ultimate reliance on despotic totalitarian ruler to maintain the unity of the state.

The key in all three was to achieve this unity, for in unity lies strength, in strength power, and in power survival. If necessary to survive Shang Yang was willing to reduce the people of the society to simple single-minded mass. Machiavelli was willing to sacrifice all to despotic authority if necessary to maintain the imperative of cohesiveness, Kautilya on the other hand believed not only in a totality to survive, but that the totality could not survive unless it considered the parts of the totality, and therefore the state must concern itself with the welfare of the people—because true unity exists in a people who are free from fear—fear of survival.

Any state of totality is a state of regulation, administrative processes to regulate, to organize, to rule. It is here that a good comparison between Kautilya, Machiavelli and Shang Yang can be more accurately made, for such a total state rewards virtue and punishes wrong. I think that the insight of Machiavelli and Shang Yang was not as deep as that perceived by Kautilya. Shang Yang and Machiavelli believed that everything must be done to prevent the development of individuals, that war should be used as an instrument of public policy to maintain a common interest—thus stagnating individualism (that the people should be weak, the state strong). They believed like some of the Fascist thinkers such as Vico who felt that there should be no individualism—no social contract between the ruler and the people. Now I do not mean to imply that Kautilya believed in a social contract, for I doubt if he did. However he penetrated further in his conclusions, to the point that people could develop within their minds, while maintaining a common external interest. I think that this was a sense of individualism developed within a soul, instead of within outward actions and it might be that the success of the ideas of Kautilya was due to this perception

The discussions of the Arthasastra of Kautilya describe the organization of the state to achieve the above indicated ends in a detail almost unbelievable. There were four objects of Government according to him The first was to 'obtain the kingdom', that is to unify the immediate area, and if necessary in doing so to resort to force—as Mark Twain said in "Pudd'n-head Wilson", 'In statesmanship get the formalities right, but never mind the moralities' The second object was to preserve what had been acquired, and this involved the great administrative machinery of which we shall discuss momentarily. Third, there must be done what was proper to increase and protect what had been gained and this by further conquest. Lastly there must be proper enjoyment of what had been gained. A great difference from Shang Yang who felt that government was only in existence to enforce law, law being inconceivable without force.

Rani Maharaj Singh receiving a bouquet from Miss Parasnis, the granddaughter of the late R. B. Parasnis, during her visit to the famous Parasnis Museum at Satara.

King's Role

The king was responsible for the interests of the people, administering, providing security, punishing the wrong, rewarding the virtues —he imports the quality to the state It should be mentioned here that in his discussion of the king and his actions, Kautilya covers everything from the duty of being mindful of an unceasing fight against lust, avarice, pride, anger, drunkenness and insolence—the six enemies of the monarch; against four chief temptations, hunting, gambling, drink and women

In chief the concept of the regal duties and functions were eight in number. It was to protect the life and property of the subjects, to impart justice with impartiality, to promote agriculture and industry by active help, to promote the prosperity of industrial and productive trade channels, to encourage education to protect the people from the 'tyrannies of capitalists' to maintain widows, orphans, the sick, and to save peoples in times of emergency, and to in no way interfere in the social or religious matters of the people. To effectuate such overall functions this required a tremendous administrative regulatory process How different were the ideas from those of Shang Yang, who felt that the government should regulate in order to prohibit the people from becoming powerful, or Machiavelli who desired regulation for efficiency

As envisaged by Kautilya the king of course headed the governmental organization. There were a multitude of these Departments, headed by Superintendents, sounding like a roll call of Soviet commissars, there were Superintendents of Ocean Mines of Regulating Trade in Courtesans—of Weights and Measure, of Measurement of Space and Time, of Passports, of the Armoury, of Weaving, of Pasture Lands, and many more too numerous to mention

Before pursuing the general policies of the administration recommended by Kautilya it might be of interest to examine what he had to say about one of these Departments. Department of Ships, for example, was to be concerned with the regulation and examination of all accounts relating to navigation not only on oceans, and mouths of rivers, but also on lakes, natural or artificial, and to rivers in the vicinity of all fortified cities. More specifically the Kautilya laid down the amount of tax for villages on seashores and banks of rivers or lakes; fishing licenses as one-sixth of the haul; sailing fees for passengers on the king's boats; regulations for transit of individuals such that punishments were laid down for illegal crossings, and also all ferrying fees. It was even the duty of the Superintendent of Ships to "make good the loss caused by any loss of a boat due to the heavy load, sailing in improper time or place, want of a ferryman, or lack of repair"

In general the policies of the state in regard to land (in the economic sense) were: First, the state actively worked towards the formation of new colonies as an outlet for emigration from populated areas—in these areas the state actually owned the land, and leased it out, maintaining strict control over it, so that the land would revert to its control if it were not properly cultivated. Incidentally it

(Continued on Page 26)

WILL BERGMAN RETIRE?

"Red Herring" Story Cooked Up By Ace Publicist

BY HAROLD HEFFERMAN

TO her Hollywood acquaintances, at least, the funniest joker in the long-studied Ingrid Bergman divorce announcement was the "red herring" statement that the actress would "retire" from the screen after the completion of her current chore on the romantic island of Stromboli.

Ingrid has long been known as the colony's most avid career woman. She eats, sleeps and lives pictures—always has done so. Ever since David O. Selznick brought her to this country a dozen years ago, she has applied herself to her career as carefully and methodically as a medical or law student would to his future profession.

During all her pictures here she's been on the set regardless of whether the day's shooting called for her appearances. With her own small camera she takes movies of everything that goes on. She is constantly reading and searching out prospective vehicles. She has made a showmanlike study of box-office tastes and whims throughout the country. She can tell you how much "Joan of Arc" grossed in Grand Rapids, Mich., and what the weather conditions were in St. Louis when the picture played there. Maybe such concentrated, 24-hour-a-day devotion to the industry had its despairing moments in a home where the husband, a surgeon and career-minded himself, would like to discuss his latest operation once in a while.

Under the circumstances, it is hardly to be expected that Roberto Rossellini, whom she'll wed after her divorce, will completely take the place of motion pictures for Ingrid. The announcement of her "retirement" is, therefore, vastly exaggerated, to say the least.

Hollywood, of course, must do even the simplest things in the sumptuous, bizarre manner. For instance, the little announcement released by Ingrid from far away Stromboli required the preparation and presence there of a man named Joseph Steele, generally regarded as the best trouble-shooting public-relations counsel in film business.

S.O.S. To Steele

With the situation growing hotter by the day in the Italian picture-making camp, Ingrid sent out an SOS for her old friend Steele to hurry over and get her as good a press as possible.

Steele left Hollywood travelling some 8,000 miles to consult with the actress and her boy-friend director, whack out the 200 word statement and stage a press conference. Howard Hughes, for whose R. K. O. studio the film is being made, had a couple of press agents on the job over there, but these routine lads wouldn't do for Bergman in such a dire pinch as this one.

Reading the name of Joseph Steele in the dispatches from the Bergman camp, many have expressed curiosity over his connection with the case. Why should he be called to fly half way round the world to handle the simple announcement of Bergman's impending divorce? What sort of press giant is the man, anyway?

Actually, Joe Steele is just that—a colossus among the free-lance press-ists of Hollywood. A dark, handsome fellow in his early fifties, quite conservative and neatly dressed in the eastern rather that the Hollywood fashion. Steele creates a favourable first-hand impression wherever he goes. As a former newspaper reporter and later a motion-picture producer, he is well versed in shrewd judgment and an ability to put his thoughts into writing—a rarity among filmland publi-publicity chieftains chosen mainly for their ability to mooch and backslap.

Steele makes a speciality of the tough public-relations jobs. Virtually every star on a "spot" at one time or another—David Selznick, Charles Boyer, Cary Grant, Carole Lombard, Ronald Colman, to name a few—has rushed to the comforting aid of this expert, coughing up fat fees they've later confessed were worth every dime of the outlay.

The best job Poe Steele ever did for a sinking actor was his re-establishment of Ronald Colman to favour with fandom. After a long and successful career, Colman about 10 years ago found himself a dud at the box office. Someone suggested he call in Steele and it was probably the wisest business move Colman ever made. Like a psychiatrist working over a puzzling patient, Steele studied Colman closely and soon came to the conclusion he need a more ingratiating public personality.

Instead of bashing photographers trying to take pictures of him and his wife and snubbing newspaper correspondents, Ronnie, under Steele's tutelage, commenced cultivating these essential contracts. He began smiling, telling gags and quoting interviewers.

In less than a year Steele confounded Hollywood by turning Colman from the town's most stubborn recluse into a hail-fellow-well-met, liked and understood by the reporters.

Colman's publicity boomed, so did his box-office rating, and a little later the Englishman said, "Do you know, I really have a much better time making pictures nowadays".

With his "retirement" joker, Steele deliberately tossed a "red herring" into the Bergman case. He had a reason. It was to take the heat off a possible concerted attempt to ban Bergman movies on moral grounds. Theatres can't ban pictures that are never made. And Steel knows the public is quick to forget. His flying trip to the Swedish star's side is reported to have been a 200,000 dollars deal. And if he plays true to form, it will be worth every dime of it.

A NOTE ON COMMUNIST "SOLIDARITY"

Breast-Feeding Builds Better Character

RECENTLY psychiatric investigations indicate that it is no mere coincidence that the decline of infant nursing and the rise of a neurotic, dissatisfied, unstable generation have occurred in the past two decades, says the "Magazine Digest".

In that time, breast feeding has come to be regarded as an outmoded and unnecessary form of infant nurture. Its advantages, if any, are considered to be outweighed by damage to the mother's figure and the inconvenience of having to be at home (instead of at the hairdressers', the bridge club or the cocktail lounge) for baby's frequent mealtimes.

These "modern" mothers have been, to a considerable extent, supported by their physicians, who hold that advanced sanitation and formula-making have made bottled milk almost as safe and nutritious as mothers' milk.

True, a few 'old fashioned" doctors, nurses and grandmothers have continued to deplore the abandonment of breast feeding, largely for reasons of health. They point out that although infant mortality in the United States had been cut almost in half during the two decades breast feeding was going out of fashion (from 82 deaths per 1,000 live births in 1921 to 45 deaths in 1941), it was still the breast-fed babies that had the best chances for survival.

For example, a study of 20,000 babies in Chicago, cited by Dr. John C. Montgomery, a Detroit pediatrician, and Miss Genevieve Trainham, director of the Infant Service at Merrill-Palmer School, Detroit, in the 'American Journal of Nursing', shows the following significant findings:

Among totally breast-fed babies, the mortality rate was less than 7 per cent; among partially bottle-fed babies, over 27 per cent; and among the totally bottle-fed babies, 66 per cent.

Infections of some sort occurred among 37 per cent of breast-fed babies, 54 per cent of partially bottle-fed babies, and 64 per cent of totally bottle-fed babies.

The "old-fashioned" advocates of breast-feeding even attempted some primitive psychological interpretation of its advantages. "Breast-feeding", they said, "makes happier as well as healthier babies". But not until trained psychiatrists took a hand were any scientific measures available to determine just how significant this infantile "happiness" might be in later life and character development.

Probably the most revealing study of this subject was one made in London and analyzed by Frieda Goldman in the 'Journal of Personality' (Durham, N.C.). More than 100 "average" persons—teachers, social workers, students, clerks, engineers, housewives—were put through a series of complicated tests and questionnaires. The results were, from the layman's point of view startling.

The Difference

The group, which had received breast-feeding (classified in scientific jargon as "orally satisfied"), were found to show "a pronouncedly optimistic personality", with a positive interest in the world and people about them. They were inclined to be protective towards the weak and needy, were constructively ambitious—that is, they were willing to enter new undertakings which showed a reasonable chance of success—and welcomed new experiences and challenges. They were not aggressive, in the sense of cruelty or rudeness, to their fellow men

On the other hand, the group deprived of breast-feeding (orally unsatisfied) were likely to be pessimists. They tended either to be passive to fate, or, when aggressive, to be so in an unconstructive manner. They were typified as quarrelsome or as 'beating their heads against a brick wall". They were unlikely to be sympathetic to their fellows, but more apt to take the attitude that "the world owed them a living". The miserly or hoarding type was found far more frequently among non-breast-fed persons.

Strangely enough, this last characteristic is apparently not only a human trait. Dr. J. McV. Hunt in the 'Journal of Abnormal Psychology' reports that in laboratory experiments, rats subjected to "early breast-feeding frustrations" became hoarders to an extent 259 per cent greater than did rats normally breast-fed and weaned.

Back To Old Castom

There are other indications that at least some of the complexes and neuroses largely blamed on "the pace of modern life" are due to an individual's earliest source of nourishment. Eric H. Erikson, Margaret Mead and R. Money-Kyrle in their studies of primitive tribes, found that 'generous suckling and late weaning are related to generosity, optimism and cooperative, peaceful behaviour, whereas ungererous suckling and early weanings coincide with arrogance, aggression and impatience, a tendency to collect and hoard food, competitiveness and quarrelsomeness, attitudes of acquisition and retention, love of property,, hostility, suspicion and nostalgic sadness".

It is perhaps too much to say at the present stage of investigation that all, or even a majority of the "personality ills" which beset the human race today could be cured by a universal return to breast-feeding. But certainly it is the earliest step that parents can take to help their songs and daughters develop into normal, unfrustrated children and adults. As Doctors C. Spurgeon English and Gerald H. J. Pearson put it in their study, 'Emotional Problems of Living', "the satisfaction of the demands of the new-born child through nursing is extremely important to the child as this is practically his only source of satisfaction....and, supplemental to it, being in contact with the mother and her affection".

"It is easy to see how anxious a baby left alone to wrestle with a bottle might become", adds Myrtle M. Eldred, in 'Hygeia'. "First he would be delighted with milk and then would nurse on air as the nipple collapsed. Without his mother's presence, without the joy of close contact, of milk pouring into his stomach in response to his efforts, he feels neglected and unloved—a poor preparation for good personality growth".

Art & Aesthetics In Ramayana

By S. N. VYAS

THE Ramayana Aryans were an artistic and aesthetic people, well versed in the arts, crafts and refinements that are born of civilization. Their keen aesthetic sense is warranted by the incidents of their daily life. They had a fine sense of beauty; they loved the beautiful and loved to beautify themselves.

The description which Valmiki gives of the citizens of Ayodhya in the sixth canto of the Balakanda is a good index to their being men and women of taste, possessed of keen artistic tendencies and aesthetic susceptibilities. The great cities of the period were so to say the great art-centres of the times, where aesthetics was nurtured and encouraged under royal patronage Even the foresters (Vanaras) and the cannibals (Raksasas) showed themselves to be highly cultured in the domain of art and aesthetics.

The entire epic, by the way in which it is conceived and published and the manner in which it is gradually developed to a climax, gives the impression of being permeated throughout with a subtle aesthetic touch. The incidents and characters the poet has created are all surcharged with his own art and vitality The sages who listened to the racital of the Ramayana were 'sahridayas' (men of wisdom) since their mind and tastes were refined and were sympathetic to the extent of losing themselves in, i.e identifying with the things they experienced

The profuse employment of flowers as a means of personal embellishment, the toilet of hair, use of ointments and unguents, and garments of different hues, application of lac-dye to the feet and of 'tilaka' mark to the forehead, the drawing of leafy figures on female cheeks, the ornamentation of palaces, houses, chariots and animals, the artistic lay-out of cities and parks, and above all the cultivation of such fine arts as music, dancing, painting and sculpture all point to the peoples' urbanity of tastes and their aesthetic bent of mind.

Progress Of Art

In the Ramayana age, the naive art practices of the early Vedic times seem to have definitely advanced. The early Brahmanic or Vedic religion that promoted sciences like astronomy and geometry was not favourable to the growth of art, for it enjoined the worship of gods not through images installed in temples but through sacred fires installed in simple sheds The speculative philosophy of the Upanishadic times gave a definite setback to the development of art, which being sensual and earthly was deemed to be a positive hindrance to man's pursuit of the higher ideals of the life hereafter. But now "the austere intellectualism of the Upanishads gave place to the warm theology of Hindu devotional cults in the epics, and thus the psychic currents of man's soul supplied the mainsprings of artistic creation."

The discovery of a nude, female figure on a small repouse gold plaque representing probably the earth goddess at the site of Vedic burial mounds of the 7th or 8th century B. C. suggests that images of fine workmanship had come to be used in worship. From the references to images of gods in the epic, it may be inferred that art had come to be used as a vehicle for the expression of fundamental truths of religion and philosophy.

Bhakti And Yoga In Art

Art was never considered to be anything light or frivolous, but a serious affair approached with due contemplation and concentration. The practising artists were dominated by the twin conceptions of 'Bhakti and 'Yoga' and employed them s aids in the execution of their work in the same way as they were used by ordinary worshippers. Dedication in a religious spirit to their professed ideal was the 'Bhakti' of the artists and their 'Yoga' was the concentration of attention on the elusive conception of the theme in hand in order to translate its various qualities into concrete forms. In other words 'Yoga' and 'Bhakti' were meant for self-identification with the object of the work and vividness of the final image.

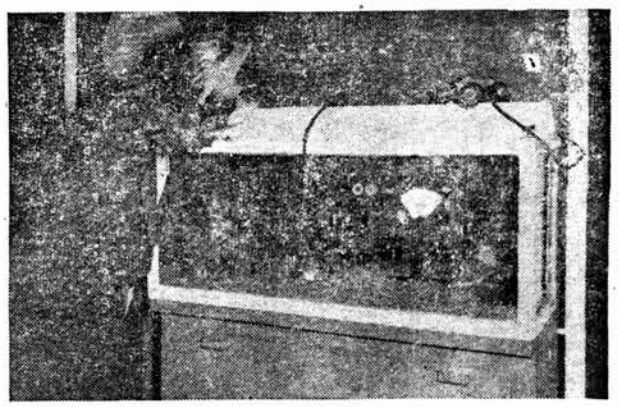
We get a literary parallel for this conception of art as 'Yoga' in the account of Valmiki's method in writing the epic Ramayana: In order to dive deep at a fuller knowledge of the history of Rama, the sage, we are told, "sipping water seated himself with folded hands on darbha grass and set himself to the comprehension of his theme through 'Yoga' (contemplation). By virtue of his 'Yoga' power, he saw clearly before him, Rama, Lakshmana and Sita, and Dasharatha together with his wives in his kingdom, laughing, talking, acting, moving as in real life. Concentrating himself in 'Yoga', the virtuous sage saw all that happened before as clearly as one does the 'amalaka' fruit on one's palm. And having truly seen by virtue of his concentration, the illustrious sage began the setting forth of the charming history of Rama."

Concentration Of Mind

Here, it should be particularly noted that the work of art is completed before the work of transcription or

(Continued on page 24)

WATERPROOF RADIO SET



One of the sensations of this year's Radio Show at Olympia was this Mullard Type SFR 509 General Purpose Communication receiver set of 10 valves which is waterproof—and is seen in operation from the centre of a fish tank—with the fish swimming in and out of it—at Radiolympia.

FACTS AND FALLACIES ABOUT HAIR

Beware Of Dundruff Which Is As Much A Disease As Measles

★

I HAVE noticed that people who would never fail to manicure their nails often treat their hair like an old hat.

Why? Because most of us take hair health too much for granted. Men are the worst offenders writes A Harley Street Specialist in "The Star", London.

There is more to healthy hair than an occasional trim and shampoo. Hair needs all the affectionate care that a farmer gives his field of wheat (the analogy is almost exact); hair and things like wheat and grass flourish in much the same way.

So what makes for healthy hair? First let me correct the popular idea that hair can be "full of life."

Hair itself is dead. Only the roots are living, and they are nourished through thousands of tiny blood vessels nerves and oil glands in the scalp. All the brushing in the world cannot bring life to hair.

What it can do is to stimulate life in the roots by promoting a good scalp circulation and encouraging the oily secretions.

Both are vital. If for instance the oil cannot flow freely and the hair is deprived of its natural lubricant any pressure on the root from, say, a hatband, may cause permanent damage.

It is a mistake to brush your hair too vigorously or use a brush that is too hard. Use a soft brush and concentrate on stimulating growth by gentle traction at the roots.

How To Massage

But brushing is not even half the secret of healthy hair. A daily massage is more important.

How do you massage? Some enthusiasts rub vigorously as though washing a dog, but this is wrong. You should massage gently with the finger tips, beginning at the ears and going over the whole scalp with a rotating motion.

A healthy scalp should move easily over the skull at least a quarter of an inch in all directions. If you have a dry scalp or brittle hair a massage with an equal mixture of olive and castor oils is often helpful.

You could also try a monthly hot oil treatment—saturate the hair with warm olive oil and wrap the head in a hot towel to open the pores.

This is a useful tip for cleaning hair when a shampoo is inconvenient: press a piece of butter muslin on to your hair-brush so that the bristles come through, and then brush normally. This will remove much dust and grease.

Mere Fallacy

How often should you wash hair? As often as necessary to keep the pores of the scalp free—about once a week for men and children, and once a fortnight for women, because they have not to contend with baldness. But remember that the important thing is to keep the scalp clean. The dust in the hair itself does not matter.

How often should hair be cut?

Again let me dispose of a few illusions. It is not true that cutting hair makes it grow, or that letting grow makes it weak. Neither does cutting make it grow stronger.

Another fallacy: that having a lot of hair denotes strength. It would have been more in keeping with scientific truth if Samson had been bald, because physically powerful men usually have less flourishing heads of hair than weaker ones.

Growth of hair is determined in part by the sex hormone. This hormone encourages flowing locks in women, but inhibits the growth of head hair in men.

The poet and artist and other gentle types of men are often long-haired. Hair grows slowly by night and early afternoon, and quickest between 10 a.m. and 11 a.m. and 4 p.m. and 6 p.m. The average life span of a man's hair is from three to five years But the life of an eyelash is only six months.

Each separate hair is a remarkable thing. Its outer surface is arranged in sections like slates on a roof, and it is screwed into the scalp. It actually has a screw thread which any engineer would recognize under a microscope.

Many people make an error in thinking that dandruff is a flakiness resulting from a dry scalp.

Dandruff is a disease just as much as measles or diphtheria. Its effect can be just as unpleasant as the sound of its technical name—pityriasis alba capitis.

It is thought to be caused by a germ. The disease often begins in childhood; it is contagious and can lead to baldness.

Signs of dandruff are the familiar "snowflakes" and a tendency to scratch the scalp. It is difficult to cure, and there is a tendency to relapse.

Reason for greying hair is still a mystery. It is probably not due to the disappearance of pigment as was once thought but rather to air cells in the hair structure.

Nervous excitement, worry and sorrow are said to lead in some way to the entry of air. There is little you can do about it, although iron and arsenic taken internally (under a doctor's guidance) helps in cases of premature greyness.

Pantothenic acid, one of the B vitamins, has been tried as a cure. But instead of restoring the original colour it usually produces a variegated yellowy-brown.

LARGE-SCREEN TELEVISION

A typical scene in a small room. This will be the television set-up of the future showing how an event will look when projected on the large screen.

RUSSIAN MOTHER

BY N. KALMA

SHE comes from central Russia, which is a region famed the world over for its beauty. Almost the whole of Tatyana Fedotyevna Smagina's long life has been spent among rich, golden fields, shaggy woods, clear, quiet rivers, orchards blooming in a rosy mist and undulating, blue-green hills veiled in a pearly haze in the distance. There are a great many women like her in these parts, women in whom feminine gentleness is combined with staunchness of spirit, an affectionate nature with inner strength and conscientiousness in work, and tenderness with heroic resolution and that patriotism which is characteristic of this mother of eleven children.

Tatyana Smagina gave her country a big, vigorous, talented family, a whole "tribe" of Smagins, as her sons and daughters laughingly call themselves.

Tatyana Smagina's life was not an easy one. Childhood in the village. A large peasant family. Rising with the sun in the cool dewy mornings when bare feet fly so fleetly over the cold, damp grass. A loose white blouse, a long skirt reaching to her toes, sun-bleached yellow hair falling over brave blue eyes. The roosters are still crowing and black smoke is coming from chimneys of huts just being heated, yet Tatyana has already driven the landlord's geese to the pond.

The mist over the water clears away gradually, the light morning clouds disappear and the sun comes out. The geese cackle stridently. A fresh breeze comes from the pond. Aunt Maria is coming down the path and the water splashing out of her brimful pails leaves long, dark green tracks on the silvery grass.

The little girl takes yesterday's cold potatoes and a crust of black bread on which her mother has put lots of salt from her pocket and bites into them with sharp white teeth. Oh to take a dip in the pond with the girls now that the sun is getting hot, and then off to the woods after berries! Or to Grandpa Akim's beehives to beg for some honey to eat with fresh cucumbers. Vain dreams! Before she knew it the bailiff would come by in his britska and he would pull her hair and maybe even order father to beat her!

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Tatyana had no real childhood; she grew up without play, sweets, new clothes—without all those things which every one of her grandchildren and great-grandchildren consider their rightful heritage.

Girlhood arrived imperceptibly. She began to wear a kerchief over her darkened braids and added an apron to her skirt. Tanya's face lost its childlike contours, but she went on rising at dawn. Now she milked the cows, swept the yard, washed the floor in the hut, dragged heavy iron cauldrons of water. Then she would hurry off to work cleaning up the master's orchard, working at his threshing floor or in his fields mowing, reaping, binding sheaves. By evening her back ached so she could not straighten up, and lying in the cool porch Tanya would look through the open door at the stars and fall asleep from sheer exhaustion, without even dreaming the dreams young girls are wont to dream.

In a broken mirror Tanya saw that she was pretty and that she had a clear, snowy complexion. But she had no time to think of her looks, to enjoy her beauty: in the autumn she had to gather the landlord's apples to pickle at the big house and straw to cut for litter. All through the winter Tanya nursed the children, wove, spun, sewed for the whole family.

"My poor hands," says the old woman lifting her darkened, gnarled hands, knobby like a hard wood branch, to the light. "How much work you did in the long years of my life!"

These hands of hers gained Tanya a name in the village. Her future mother-in-law came to church to look her over. "A good-looking girl, pretty, and you can tell by her hands that she's accustomed to hard work!" she said. This decided Tanya's fate. The match-makers came and Tanya left her family of thirty-two persons for her husband's where there were twenty eight.

She did not even know her husband before marriage. She was lucky enough; he turned out a good, hard working, sober man.

"He was good to me, oh! how good. Whenever I took sick he wouldn't know what to do with himself to help me, he'd have willingly plucked out his heart if that would have helped me to get well."

Tatyana's husband worked as the bailiff's helper and Tatyana wove and spun at the big house; she embroidered, made lace, scrubbed floors. She and her husband rented a small plot of land, but the soil was poor, yielded scanty crops and then the children started to come. While there were only a few of them the landlord kept the Smagins and gave them a sort of pay in kind: two poods of flour, about fifteen pounds of millet, a little vegetable oil, and sometimes, on holidays, half a pound of meat. "But when the children began to come one after another," relates Tatyana Smagina, "he threw us out....we could go to the dogs for all he cared...."

Thus, in suffering, ceaseless toil and poverty her life went by. Every kopek was hard-earned and a problem. But Tatyana was determined that her children should have a better lot than their parents.

"You and I are illiterate," she said to her husband, "but we're going to send our children to school. I'll work my fingers to the bone but I'll give my children a chance."

The children came every year. A son Vladimir. Another, Alexei. A daughter Natasha. Then Mavra. A son Mikhail. And another son Mikhail, christened so by mistake by inebriated god parents.

The children grew older, each with his own personality and habits, and one had to have an iron will and great inner strength to manage this huge home. The directing force in the family was the mother. She was an example to her children of high moral qualities, extreme modesty and consideration for other people.

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Then suddenly life was transformed, as if by magic. Soviet power was established. The Smagins were given land and they joined the Pobeda agricultural cartel from the very beginning. Once more the mother worked—mowing, reaping, cutting straw, milking cows. But now she was working on her own land, milking her own cow, tilling her own soil, the people's soil. Now the children could choose any profession they wished. And all the Smagin children wanted to study

"My husband and I couldn't rejoice enough. We said to them "Fly, children, fly higher, go and see the things we couldn't see...."

And the children flew away from the nest. They worked and they went to school. Vladimir went to Lipetsk. Now he is a technologist at a machine-building plant. The elder Mikhail is an agronomist in Ivanovo Region. Mavra is a schoolteacher in Ivanovo. The younger Mikhail is a graduate railway engineer in Gorky. Fyodor is in Moscow, an electric welder at a large factory. Ivan graduated at a military technical academy and is working in Odessa. Alexei is a mine foreman in Schekin District. Lydia is a technologist at a machine-building plant in Ivanovo. Dmitri graduated at a pedagogical institute and is working in the Party Regional Committee in Tomsk.

Only Antonina and Natasha live in the same city as their mother. in Oryol.

"We have the warmest, tenderest things to say about our mother," writes Lydia Smagina, "and we are deeply grateful for the upbringing she gave us.

Our mother taught us good habits in and out of the home. She was always anxious for us to study and to become useful and independent people. Mother never seemed to know what it was to be tired. She was highly respected by the peasants.

The neighbours considered her one of their own family and constantly came to her for advice which she willingly gave to young and to old, for she herself had lived a long and hard life of labour and was always glad to help everyone, to give away anything she had, saying: 'it's alright, child. We'll get along somehow....' She is the same kind, honest and loyal mother now and we are proud of her and only hope that we can have her with us for many long years to come:..."

Tatyana Smagina does not know about this letter. She will probably learn of it when one of her children reads this article to her, and then this quiet, old woman will be surprised.

"Humph, look at the way Lida praises me," she will say smiling, all her wrinkles deepening. "What did I do? I was only a mother to my children and that is all!"

"No, mama, you are different," her youngest daughter Antonia, a moulder at a factory, will say, looking affectionately at her mother. "You didn't spare yourself in order to bring us up and give us an education. We don't forget it...."

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..We talked to Tatyana Smagina in a cosy room with dahlias and geraniums in the window box, tended by the industrious hands of the old mother. Outside, trucks rumbled by carrying brick, cement and timber, groups of workers passed by, street rollers moved back and forth over the freshly laid asphalt. Oryol, where Tatyana Smagina lives, is healing the wounds of war, erecting even better and handsomer building than before, planting new gardens, laying parks and flower beds on the banks of the Oka and Orlinka rivers.

The morning was fresh and transparent. A mailman rang the bell of the house where the mother of eleven children lives. He comes often bringing her letter from all parts of the country. The Smagin "tribe" has increased greatly, Tatyana Fedotyevna now has twenty-seven grand-children and eight great-grandchildren. Her grand children regularly write to the old woman, and in these letters one feels the spirit of our land, of those great deeds and aspirations which are part of life itself in the Soviet Union.

While I was there a letter came from grand daughter Isolda, who lives in Ivanovo. Isolda is graduating the tenth grade this year and she wrote her grand mother how he was studying for exams and how worried she was. She also wrote that she was hoping to spend the summer vacation with her grand mother Tatyana Fedotyevna displays a lively interest in her work and shares the girl's worry about her exams "Poor thing," she says 'she's probably gotten thin. Well, it's alright. She'll work hard now and later she'll become a useful person, she'll be a help to the country...."

Her son Fyodor writes that he received a premium for good work and bought himself a motorcycle. Mikhail is working on plant-breeding and is in charge of huge hothouses. Alexei has been working in the mines for twenty years now.

"I always taught my children to live in one place, not to drift about or to give up their jobs. All of them live in one place for long stretches," and Tatyana Smagina, unconsciously using the expressions of long ago, for by "live in one place" she meant work in one place.

Her miner son, Alexei, writes:

"I got a job at the mine in 1929. At first it was very hard work but then I learned the job and grew to love the mine. I was a mechanic underground, installed and repaired machinery. Of course, at that time there were no heavy coal-cutting machines nor the other equipment we have now. Then all the mechanization consisted of a horse and a winch. A hack was used to cut coal with and the lamps were oil lamps, not electric. A great deal has changed in the mine now. In the course of the Stalin five-year plans coal production has been completely mechanized. Life gets better day by day.

"During the war the Germans flooded our mine. After the fascists were driven from our region oll of us, ald and young, began to work on the rehabilitation of our beloved mine. I pumped water in the December and January frosts. The workers have elected me to the mine trade union committee, deputy to the settlement soviet and a people's assessor. I am an invalid and don't have to work, but I shall go on working as long as I have the strength. For five years in succession I have spent my vacation at health resorts in varions parts of my country."

This unaffected letter shows how Tatyana Smagina's training, her conscientiousness in work and her love for her country left her mark on her the children.

And not only her own children have received the benefit of her fine qualities. She is bringing up her grand children and her simple clear-cut precepts, her eternally wise maternal words about duty, honour, loyalty to country have a favourable influence on them.

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Tatyana Fedotyevna paid a three months' visit to her son Dmitri in Siberia. In that time she taught her grand daughters to knit and embroider.

Dmitri tried to persuade her to remain with him but he did not succeed, for she was accustomed to grand son Genya pressed his head to his grand mother's breast. How many children's heads have been pressed against this breast! Genya whispered something very softly to her.

"Why? A candy?" The old grand mother smiled slyly and radiantly. What will our guest think of you?" But the candy was already in Genya's mouth.

Valya, her grand daughter, wanted a story.

"A story?" said Tatyana Fedotyevna. "Well, now she won't let me alone.....Alright, then, children, sit still, and don't swing your legs. Genya....."

A beginning as old as the world: "Once upon a time there lived an old woman", the grandmother began in the sing-song voice of a story-teller.

The story is a frightening one and the children's eyes are wide and at times awed.

"The old woman and the old man had a hard life with the bad landlord. A plot of land, the size of a table top The little children asked for food, but there wasn't any". Tatyana Fedotyevna is lost in thought for a moment....."Oh, how the old woman suffered when her children cried!" Genya is ready to burst into tears himself. But the story has a happy end. The evil landlord is punished and driven away and the old woman and the old man get land. Their fortunate children get help from the people, grow up and become educated and clever.

All of them live in a wonderful free country and all of them have a bright future in store. The old woman was invited to a beautiful palace with columns and rewarded with a gold star for bringing up so many children. Then all the children came to visit grandmother, and grandfather to celebrate their golden wedding and their happy joyous life....

Here Valya, the grandchild, burst out:

"But, granny, that's not a story", she complains, offended, "tna't tne truth, the real truth.....You're telling us about yourself, aren't you?"

The grandmother looked at the granddaughter and the wrinkles spread happily over her face.

He was given the job of selling shopkeepers bacon-slicers and other labour-saving devices. His first prospective customer proved to be a plump woman of middle age.

"Madam," he said, "there is something you need in this shop. The work is too heavy for you. Tell me, do you never feel the need for help?"

The woman giggled. He smiled.

"A woman like you", he proceeded, "should not have to do such work as carving. You can be saved all the weariness and worry if you will allow me to.. .."

Then something like a thunderbolt descended on him. When he awoke he was in bed.

In the course of time his pals gathered round him.

"We both made a mistake," explained the sufferer. "I didn't know she was taking it as a proposal; she didn't know her husband was in the back room."

★

The customer settled himself in the barber's chair and let the man put the towel round him.

"Before we start," he said, snappily, "I know the weather's awful, I don't care who wins the next big fight, and I don't bet on horse races. I know I'm getting thin on top, but I don't mind that. Now get on with it!"

"Well, sir," said the barber, "if you don't mind, sir, I'll be able to concentrate better if you don't talk so much."

HOLLY WOOD STARS

★

Pampered Ones Have Odd Eating Habits

By H. HEFFERNAN

HOLLYWOOD.—"Break for lunch!"

Somewhere between 11-30 and 1 o'clock daily this welcome call of the assistant director is heard on every sound stage in Hollywood.

Once the call is heard, the pampered greats of filmland rush into as wide a variety of gastronomical routines as there are fish in the ocean.

Their eating habits, ranging from roast capon to no lunch at all, are topped by that gravel-voiced character comedienne, Marjorie Main, who cooks her own lunch just outside her dressing room.

Right on the stage where "Ma and Pa Kettle Go to Town" is being filmed at Universal-International, Marjorie has had a three-burner gas range installed and on it she cooks both breakfast and lunch. In her dressing room, is a cupboard with a variety of pots and pans and condiments. She brings in meat and fresh vegetables every day, turning them into her favourite dish—stew.

Dana Andrews, working just across the street on "Sword in the Desert", is just the opposite. During every day of shooting, he went home for lunch, declaring no one can broil a steak like his Mary—and Dana eats steak three times a day.

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Yvonne De Carlo loves a nice, gooey ham-and-tomato sandwich and, as a matter of fact, eats six times a day trying to gain weight. June Havoc, in the same weight-hunting category, eats a banana and two glasses of milk at noon daily, no matter what else she consumes for her full-course luncheon. In mid-afternoon during the shooting of any picture, June pauses a few minutes, while she puts away a malted milk and a few cookies.

There are others too gathered in the U-I commissary every noon who concentrate seriously on the stubborn problem of adding poundage. Taking a tip from her physician, Ann Blythe picked up seven pounds in two weeks by the process of drinking a glass of half milk, half cream before and after her regular lunch.

While shooting "Fugitive from Terror", Ida Lupino made it a point of eating in the studio cafe every noon just so she could get a big baked Idaho potato loaded with sour cream and chives. She left the lot six pounds heavier. Donald O'Connor, who needs poundage more than any other male star at this studio; eats five meals a day, with a heavy cream-ed dish on every menu.

Of all the eccentric eating habits he has encountered, Janies, the restauratier, thinks Victor Mature's unpredictable demands to take the cake.

●

Other oddities in the luncheon section include Danny Kaye, who eats eggs at every noon meal because he likes salads for breakfast; Jimmy Stewart, who has a standing order at every commissary in town for hot dogs; Stephen McNally, who drinks clam juice and eats fish five times a week; Elsa Lanchester, who sleeps instead of eating at noontime because her double duty in pictures and on the Turnabout stage every night shortens her slumber period; William Holden, who eats hamburgers with barbecue sauce three times a day; Sonja Henie, whose alternating luncheon favourites are tartar sandwiches (made from raw meat) or baked fish, and Jimmy Cagney, who tap-dances away his lunch hour in a dual effort to take off that middle-age spread.

There's a plot against Shelley Winters, who knows she must not gain weight. Still, see likes to eat so all waitresses in the commissary have been warned. Whenever Shelley comes in she automatically gets only half of what she orders despite protests and bribes.

THEY FLOCK TO HOLLYWOOD

Thousands of tourists flock to Hollywood and watch the places where film satrs make their appearance Photo shows Film star VIRGINIA MAYO, surrounded by film fans, is kept busy signing autographs.

★

The fact that some Hollywood marriages do last at least for a year is illustrated by this picture of RORY CALHOUN, the popular star, and his wife ISABELITA as they cut the cake to celebrate their first anniversary recently.

★

Anna Neagle Dancing with Denis Compton at the Benefit Ball at the Empire Hall.

ROMANTIC ART

●

Live Sense Of Drama Among Landscape Painters

●

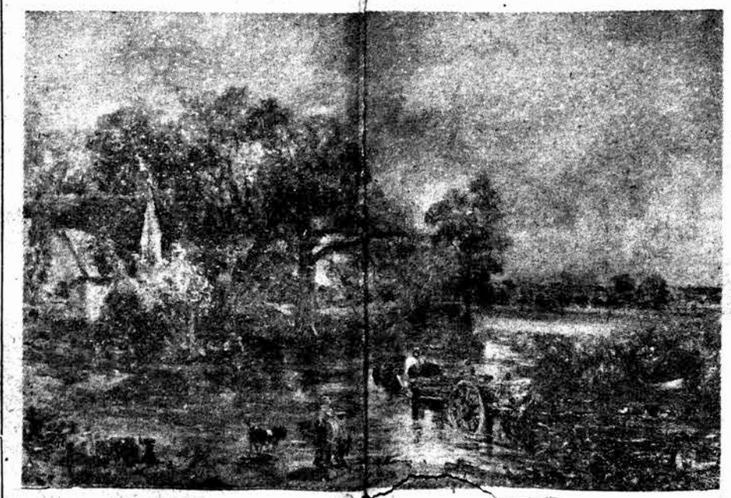
By PATRIC HERON

THE word "Romantic" has many vague meanings and few precise ones. The critic who employs it—and it occurs very frequently in critical writings—should do his utmost to define it before he allows it to creep into his sentences. Yet attempts at such a definition are often unsatisfactory.

HERE is Mr. John Piper, a distinguished modern painter who is among those British contemporaries widely referred to nowdays as our Modern Romantic Painters, opening an essay with the following words:

Romantic art deals with the particular. The particularization of Bewick about a bird's wing, of Turner about a waterfall or a hill town, of Rosseti about Elizabeth Siddall, is the result of a vision that can see in these things something significant beyond ordinary significance: something that for a moment seems to contain the whole world."

He goes on to say: "Abiding also in the Romantic painting of this country (Britain) is the sense of drama in atmosphere, in the weather, and the seasons." Obviously, Mr. Piper means quite a number of things by "Romantic art". Indeed artists who think of themselves as Classical or Surrealist or Constructivist might reasonably claim for their work that it reveals "something significant beyond ordinary significance: something that seems to contain the whole world."



John Constable's "A Study For The Haywain"

Transmutation

There is much more to be said for the idea that the Romantic artist "particularizes"; for those painters and poets who are known historically as Romantics certainly expressed personal reactions to specific situations, events or objects.

Yet the implication of Mr. Piper's statement is that other kinds of art do 'not' celebrate "the particular"; and this is nonsense. For Classical art also contains the results of particular reactions to particular experiences; where it makes an addition to the activity of the Romantic is in setting the intense "Romantic" experience within a wider frame.

The experience of a particular stimulant is stated in terms of the widest possible validity by the Classical artist. Cezanne's excitement at the sight of Mont St. Victoire was, for Cezanne, not an end but a beginning: to communicate the particular thrill was not enough for him; he had to translate it into a form which both contained it and transcended it: he had to transmute the particular emotion aroused by a particular subject into the architectural form of great painting.

But this process of transmutation can only come about where the artist in question has—as his point of departure—the strongest feelings, the most intense creative passion: for this passionate feeling is itself the material to be changed, transmuted.

Submission To Chaos

In other words, the vital element which makes a work of art a "Classical" work is a far deeper thing than the element of more "style. It is, perhaps, to be found in the evidence which a work [illegible] to the artist's desire to re[illegible] universal in the particular, to [illegible] order out of chaos. But be [illegible] great enough to submit himself [illegible] sensations) in the is the chaos of [illegible] this way can the first place. Only [illegible] thieves be new, and, order he finally [illegible] of vital signicance, because it is new [illegible] insistence upon order precedes his [illegible] willingness to submit himself to the [illegible] natural chaos of experience will mer[illegible]ly become Classicist, not classical. His [illegible] art will, at best, be a repetition of the [illegible] orderly results of an earlier artist's pu[illegible]le with reality; in a word, it will be [illegible]Academic.

The true significance and the true relation of these often ambiguous words Romantic and Classical, was suggested by Mr. T. S. Eliot in his remark that the proper progression for the individual artist is 'from' the Romantic 'towards' the Classical.

Awakening Of Senses

When Mr. Piper mentions the English Romantic painter's "sense of drama in atmosphere, in the weather and the seasons", we can at any rate recognize a reference to the works of those early Nineteenth Century painters who have come to be known historically as the Romantic Landscape Painters. Certainly Constable, Turner and Girtin all conveyed the time of day, the kind of day, and the stage of the season in their landscape paintings. And in doing this they were pioneers. Painters of what we might call "landscape subjects," such as Claude or Poussin, had employed landscape as a setting for something else; their pictures illustrated scenes from Classical literature; "landscape" was only one of the pictorial ingredients, along with the stage furniture of ruins and the stage characters. But with Turner and Constable the landscape itself became the subject. They were thus the first artists to become aware of the actual appearance of a thousand different particular effects in the outdoor world.

This new awakening of the senses was also registered in the poetry of the time: Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Cowper and Blake were in many respects the poetic counterparts of the painters, Turner, Constable Girtin, Crome, Cotman and Bonington.

With all these poets and painters, sensuous perception of the world of Nature rose to a pitch of intensity unsurpassed anywhere else in history; and in English history it is rivalled—as a poetic renaissance—only by the period of the Elizabethan dramatists.

Vision On Canvas

The external results of this interior revolution in the mode of perception and feeling were that for the first time a vision of England itself began to appear—upon the cavnases of Turner and Constable. Richard Wilson, their forerunner, had imported Italian light in order to illumine the mountains of Wales. Turner and Constable abolished their eternal summer, this constant,

(Continued on page 18)

MELBOURNE ART GALLERY

"Portrait of a Man" by Vincent Van Gogh, now in the possession of the Melbourne National Gallery. Vitally alive it is a Splendid example of the work of this unhappy genius.

★

Goya's brilliant, ruthless "Portrait of a Lady" is another art treasure acquired for the Melbourne National Gallery under the terms of the Felton Bequest.

★

Miss Ursula Hoff, "Keeper of the Prints" at the National Gallery of Victoria in Melbourne, the only woman to hold such a posiition in Australia, who is leaving on a visit to the United Kingdom in October.

KEEPER OF PRINTS

★

Australian Woman Holds Unique Job

BY BELTY GILL

MISS URSULA HOFF, "Keeper of the Prints" at the National Gallery of Victoria in Melbourne, is the only woman in Australia to hold such a position.

She is the custodian of about 2,600 prints and 100 drawings in an austere print-room, fitted with easels, desks and numerous neat filing cabinets.

The Melbourne Gallery has a particularly fine collection of prints, worth between Rs. 5,00,000 and Rs. 6,00,000. It includes about 130 Rembrandt etchings—half of his total output. Among these are the very famous prints "The Three Crosses" and "Christ with the Sick Around Him". There is a very fine selection of Drurer line engravings, and an outstanding set of 36 of William Blake's illustrations to Dante's "Divine Comedy". Blake made 100 for the complete set, and the 36 belonging to the Melbourne Gallery is the largest collection outside of the United Kingdom.

A library of important reference books on prints and drawings is being built up by Miss Hoff to help students.

●

Miss Hoff recently edited a new art publication, "Masterpieces in the National Gallery of Victoria", the first production of its kind in Australia. It took three years' hard work in her spare time to complete this work, with the help of Mrs. Daryl Lindsay, wife of the Director of the National Gallery, and Alan McCulloch, Australian art critic and painter.

One of the purposes of the publication, said Miss Hoff, was to make Australian art known overseas. Because of its scope, she added, the book should be of interest to scholars and students all over the world. After tracing the history of painting from mediaeval times, through the Renaissance period, 17th Century Dutch painting, British painting of the 17th to early 19th centuries, to the present day French painters, it survey Australian art from its beginnings to the most recent works.

The volume contains 100 large plates of the Gallery's paintings, including 15 coloured reproductions, with analytical and descriptive text giving background about the period, the picture's history, a short biography of the artist and references to critical literature.

Some masterpieces are reproduced for the first time, as a number in the Melbourne Gallery came from fairly remote private collections. Some prints have never been published abroad, or are hardly known. "The Reward of Philosophy" by Paolo Veronese is one of the outstanding works included.

●

Miss Hoff was born in London, studied history of fine arts on the Continent and received her Doctorate of Philosophy from the Hamburg University. While in England from 1933 to 1939, she was associated with the preparation of one of the Burlington House Exhibitions of the 17th Century European Art in English collection. Later, she was secretary to the Oppenheimer Collection and Drawings. She worked also at the Courtauld Institute of Art, University of London. During this period she published a book "Charles 1st—Patron of the Arts", and contributed many articles to art magazines.

In 1939 Miss Hoff came to Australia as secretary to the University Women's College, Melbourne. In 1943 she joined the National Gallery of Victoria as Assistant Keeper of the Prints, becoming Keeper of the Prints in 1949. In addition to her gallery work, she lectures on fine art at the Melbourne University.

ROMANTIC ART

Samuel Palmer's "Harvest Moon"

even, powerful, Mediterranean light. It represented a climatic condition which England experiences only 'n one or two exceptional weeks of midsummer. Turner's and Constable's awareness of the play of changing light in the atmosphere itself, and of the uneven distribution of accents of glitering sunshine and shadow over the surfaces of the countryside, was purely English in origin; and it was responsible for their great contribution to the main European tradition. In a sense this was pre-eminently a technical contribution : it was an immensely significant innovation in the technique of "seeing"—and the greatest painters are innovators in precisely this respect: they discover new ways of "seeing" everything and anything. They change the appearance of the world.

Turner's and Constable's new awareness of appearances led them to the use of lighter and brighter colours and tones than any used before. Of course, brilliant patches of colour had been used from early times to represent bright local colour: scarlet pigment for a scarlet dress: emerald green for the leaves of a tree. But in order to describe the three-dimensional forms of their subjects painters had relied entirely on subtle graduations of their colour mixtures. Titian or Valasquez, Raphael or Rubens, all gradated their pinky greys or their golden orowns where the flesh of their models showed naked, and switched to gradations of quite another colour or colours for the garments and for the other objects depicted. They thought in terms of one dominant colourtone serving for the depiction of one object.

Accents Of Colour

It was left to Constable and Turner to discover that a shadow cast on a whitewashed wall might be a stronger blue than the surface of a lake in sunlight or even of a blue hat. It was also left to these English painters to discover that accents of very strong colour might be seen distributed throughout the visual scenes. Such discoveries, of course, directly inspired the final phase of the European painters' conquest of natural appearances: the French Impressionists could never have arrived at their results, half a century later, if Turner and Constable had not preceded them

But these two painters, known to all the world, made their impact upon the painters of France at least 80 years ago: their influence upon the mainstream of European painting was thus long since absorbed. It was perhaps the only instance of a decisive intervention in the development of European art by English artists—until the present moment, with the rise to world fame of the modern English sculptor, Mr. Henry Moore.

Blake As Painter

To arrive at the present school of Romantic painters in Britain, it is necessary to recall two other painters of the early years of the nineteenth

(Continued from page 17)

century who, unlike Turner and Constable, have had to wait till the present time for their keenest admirers—and, we might say, their most significant following. William Blake, the great English poet, mystic and prophet is still almost unknown outside Great Britain as a painter. Yet he and his followers, Samuel Palmer, are the main English source of our modern Romantics; the other inspirer of their movement was Picasso.

There is not space here to discuss the numerous imaginative pursuits of William Blake.

We must be content to mention one aspect of his pictorial art—namely, those small woodcuts, the pastoral fantasies in which, perhaps, a twilight landscape of low, undulating, wavelike hills recede towards a setting sun or a crescent moon. In the foreground a shepherd or a "poet" might be found reclining against the trunk of a tree.

But here there is none of the broad vision of a Constable, a Girtin or a Turner, based, as such vision always was, upon great powers of visual observation of the external daylight world.

Poet-Painters

Blake and Palmer were not capable of that disinterested visual observation which is the one indispensable gift of all great painters. They were not, in fact, "great" painters at all—by the highest European standards. Their woodcuts, watercolours and drawings of a fantastic yet gentle and benign landscape were, in reality, projections in graphic form of a vision that was essentially a poet's, not a painter's vision. The kind of imagination which they expressed had an 'inner', a visionary quality: such poet-painters remind is that, on the whole, poetry has dominated painting in England.

Yet Blake (the Blake of the pastoral woodcuts) and Palmer express something very sacred to the inhabitants of our dreamy, tree-covered island, with its soft light, its misty and hazy distances, its dramatic, majestic skies, its endlessly subtle variety of gently flowing hills and valleys. However, the imagination of the true painter must always be anchored in external reality: it begins with the purely visual, even when it ends up on a highly imaginative plane.

This necessary study of the outward appearances of Nature is induced more naturally in lands where light is constant and strong: the Mediterranean was perfectly "equipped", as it were, to become the cradle of the visual art of painting. England, her very beautiful landscape being full of suggestive but indefinite, subtle forms and of endless nuances of tone was equally well "equipped" for breeding the more subjective art of poetry. Painting of course has its own poetry: but it is poetry which operates through a purely formal configuration.

Pictorial poetry is not an external addition to a picture; it is not something injected into the design from outside. On the contrary, it springs out of the design itself, out of the realized harmonies of colour and form. Such is the nature of the poetry of Constable, Turner, Girtin or Crome—or of Cezanne. But Blake and Palmer by-passed the world of everyday reality—from which true painters extract their colours and forms—and they proceeded directly to the illustration of their poetic visions (a kind of vision quite different, of course, from the sense perceptions of our eyes). And now, perhaps, we might say that Romantic painting is opposed to Classical painting in the following respect: its imaginative content is so much stronger than the formal structure of the design that the one is often quite distinct from the other.

Misty Glimmer

Thus Romantic art invites us to distinguish form from content: in Classical art the two things are fused into a perfect unity. Blake and Palmer are Romantics in this sense; but Constable and Turner (despite their historical label) are Classical. Mr. Piper quotes something Palmer said of Blake, and because it well reveals the Romantic attitude, I will give it here. Palmer spoke of Blake's woodcuts as "visions of little dells and nooks and corners of Paradise; modes of the exquisitest pitch of intense poetry. I thought of their light and shade, and, looking on them, found no word to describe it. Intense depth, solemnity, and vivid brilliancy only coldly and partially describe them. There is in all such a misty and dreamy glimmer as penetrates and kindles the inmost soul and gives complete and unreserved delight, unlike the gaudy daylight of this world." Emotive words, evoking a profound subjectivity.

And now to the present day. Graham Sutherland is the most powerful of the Modern Romantics.

His is an exceedingly original vision which combines the naturalistic composition and layout of Palmer's landscape designs with an element of abstraction, and a spiky method of brushwork, both suggested by Picasso.

But whereas the element of abstruction in Cubism was geometric in flavour, Sutherland's abstraction is based upon the organic forms of the biological or, even more, the botanical world. A flat network of harsh (and often black) lines reveals the unfolding forms of his landscapes. These forms have the look of tongues of forked flame; or of sharp molehills sliced into crescent shapes by superimposed lines of drawing indicating contours. But this flat aspect of his design dissolves before our gaze, and there looms through it all a recognizable vision of, say, a bleak landscape of black hills. Perhaps some ragged bushes of gorse, on the near slopes, will be rendered as a tangle of black scribbled lines, resembling roots rather than branches. Yet these do not remain flat scribbles, there on the paper: they are felt to be growing upwards, to be waving in an invisible wind and flaring out in space.

Intellectual Shorthand

Perhaps Sutherland's picture of this wild, moorland scene will have a sky consisting of a flat wash of alizarin crimson, spotted here and there with black dots and scratches or of little blobs of scarlet. Somehow the whole thing, though exceedingly suggestive of the western, Celtic fringe of Britain (the wild coastal regions of Wales or Cornwall) is also suggestive of a sort of intellectual shorthand. The form of the hills, or of the loose boulders lying here and there on the ragged surface of the moor or the half-cultivated fields, is somehow too generalized. We feel that the hill in the picture has become a mere symbol for hillyness: the particular hill in the painting has no scale and no conviction of a particular scene. It might be Everest; it might be a molehill. it must, apparently, be read as a sort of microcosm.

This uncertainty I regard as a defect But again, a rough hill path may be seen (in the imaginary Sutherland picture I am constructing here) winding up and disappearing into the nearest fold in the rising ground. This disappearing path will be simplified into the form of a large slice of melon, or a crescent. Then the big, roundish boulders I mentioned, being lit brightly from one side or the other, will closely resemble the moon in having a shadowed side and a bright side. Thus shapes possessing symbolic significance are incorporated in the texture of the picture—by accident, as it were.

Now, moons are almost the stock in trade of this English Romantic tradition. But whereas Blake or Palmer have their moon in the sky, Sutherland's crescents are, as I have just shown, just part of his pictorial description of solid forms. But he shares more than this with Palmer: in its flatness, its black-and-white character, Sutherland's designs is very close indeed to Palmer's.

Though Picasso released in Sutherland a capacity to state his themes in a pretty abstract manner, the sort of rhythms he uses are very much akin to the fish-shaped rhythms of Palmer's and Blake's hills, or their sword-shaped leaves. And we feel that Sutherland has Palmer's limitations.

Neither of them has a command of plastic form: both are naturalistic in that they reproduce the landscape in very much the same sequence of proportions in which it is observed by the eyes. That is to say, the foreground is near, its objects large; the middle-distance is indicated by objects of diminished scale and definiteness; the background is remote, and its forms generalized. There is an absence of that equal emphasis which a Bonnard or a Cezanne gave to everything within the visual field.

Modern Plastic Approach

Yet in spite of plastic weaknesses Sutherland is one of the most interesting painters now living. And in England his influence has been considerable—especially upon such able (but younger) painters as John Minton, Keith Vaughan, John Craxton and Bryan Wynter. Sutherland's contemporary, John Piper (extensively quoted above), is equally a Romantic painter: in his case Turner has provided more inspiration than Palmer. But I think it is clear now that the younger members of this group are tending to discard the linear methods of Palmer and Sutherland for the more plastic approach of the modern French masters. These younger Romantics (Minton, Vaughan, Wynter, Craxton)—average age 32, perhaps—are thus tending to fall more into line with those of their exact contemporaries (MacBryde, Colquhoun, Ryan) who were never lured by Palmer, and who never wavered in their allegiance to the great contemporary painters of France.

Nevertheless this does not mean that the young School of London is likely to lose its flavour. Though we derive much of our idiom from Paris, it is likely that our own flavour will become more and more pronounced. And, of course, our characteristic preoccupation with landscape continues, even among those whose debt to Braque or Picasso is obvious.

Let us talk it over

TODAY is the last but not least important day of Divali. So I am asked to write about Women and Divali. But then I feel like asking back whether it is not superfluous to add 'women' before Divali. For, after all it is the women who contribute most in creating the peculiar atmosphere which is really the soul of a festival like this.

Feasting, wearing new clothes, visiting friends, letting off crackers, etc., etc., by themselves do not make for the spirit of Divali. That feeling of ease and unendingness permeating the celebrations is born out of the long period of activity which preceds the festival proper. As soon as the 'Navaratri' and 'Dasara' festival is over, women get busy with Divali preparations. The children are all too full with enthusiasm and excitement which only help to sustain the women-folk through the crowded days of unceasing work

In the pre-war days of peace and plenty Divali celebration was like a huge lucky-dip. The market-places were chock full with all manner of goods and one could drive a bumper bargain with a tiny capital. As for the sweetmeats and other eatables, the city-dwelling women had nothing to worry about. The grocer used to be at their beck and call (he seems to be avenging old times now?). The housewife could produce a feast worthy for gods even at the dead of night. But alas! this happy state envied by women in the native place came to an end with the war.

What with scarcity of foodstuffs and rising cost of living, Divali became an annual testing time for the housewife! She had to show great foresight and ingenuity in managing the day-to-day life of her family. In spite of the all too frugal rations at her disposal she had to lay by something for special occasions. With all her "modern ways of the city" (as her unsophisticated sisters in the home-town say) she too is ingrained with the Indian superstition that it is inauspicious to allow a festival to pass off uneventfully. So, whatever the difficulties may be there has to be mirth and merry-making, never mind if it be merely of a symbolic nature. But then, a great festival like Divali cannot be disposed of in a symbolic manner! Naturally women have to be at great pains if it has to be a rollicking success, besides, the very atmosphere is so infectious that one cannot but join in the celebrations bursting around.

But this year, as we were getting into a mood of thankfulness for being supplied with sufficient quota of wheat, 'atta' and 'rava', we found ourselves caught napping by the sugar famine! Celebrating Divali without sugar is like celebrating a cocktail party without whisky. This tragedy of sugar-less Divali has been rendered still more poignant because all the Food Exhibition-acquired recipes for making savoury dishes from subsidiary foods have become obsolete for want of sugar!

But how did this happen with us the smart city-folks? Wasn't there an inkling of the coming disaster? As a matter of fact there was a famine scare as long ago as July. Then why didn't we fill our larders? A bit of forethought would have at least enabled us to offer tea to our guests during Divali, if not sweets like 'gulab-jam' and 'jilebi'!

I know that this kind of talk is not patriotic as it encourages the practice of hoarding of goods. But when the whole trading community can indulge in unpatriotic acts and the authorities choose to be powerless, why shouldn't a mere individual show her preference for the way our forefathers used to manage affairs of life? Faced with a situation like this, I cannot but admit the uncanny wisdom of our grannies who always took a longer view of life and never allowed pots to be completely emptied of their contents unless new stocks were brought in. They could at least save the situation in times of emergency.

—*Leela*

EVE TAKES TO ARCHERY

Competitors line up and take aim at the Archery meeting at Longford Park, Stretford.

The kilted dancers dancing the Highland Fling on the platform in front of the Ross Bandstand, Princess Street Gardens, Edinburgh.

DENTAL HYGIENE

SYMMETRICAL, shining white teeth are an asset for a woman with ordinary looks. They are much more so for one endowed with healthy complexion, neat and regular features. The devastating effect of irregular tarnished teeth on a face happily blessed otherwise is not difficult to imagine!

Really speaking care of the teeth is the responsibility of the elders, for, by the time the child grows up to be conscious of its looks and physical well-being, the mischief is already done. The best way of attaining dental hygiene is to massage the gums and brush the teeth morning and night. Massaging helps circulation of blood and makes the gums strong while brushing is essential to remove the small particles of food (stuck in the cavities) which start decaying and bring on offensive odour.

Whether to use powder or paste is a matter of personal choice. Both are equally useful as antiseptic and help in removing tartar which forms on the teeth. Our Indian system of using salt for teeth-cleaning is good. Chewing 'babul' twigs is equally recommendable. Apart from these things, the food we eat has important bearing on the teeth. Soft and over-cooked foods are not ideal for dental hygiene. For keeping teeth clean chewing pieces of sugarcane or eating an apple after meals is very helpful.

A mouthwash ideal for whitening teeth can be made thus: to a pint and half of boiling water add an ounce of borax. Allow to cool and then add 2 teaspoonfuls spirit of camphor and half teaspoon tincture myrrh. This mixture stays for days because only 3 teaspoonfuls of it is enough for daily use.

HOW TO PLAY TENNIS

BY TONY MOTTRAM

XII—Lobbing

THE lob is the most neglected shot in lawn tennis and also one of the most valuable. Yet remarkably few players are skilled in its use, though this may be natural to some extent because it is the least spectacular stroke in the game; there is certainly not quite the same element of thrill in making a perfect lob as in making a full-blooded overhead smash.

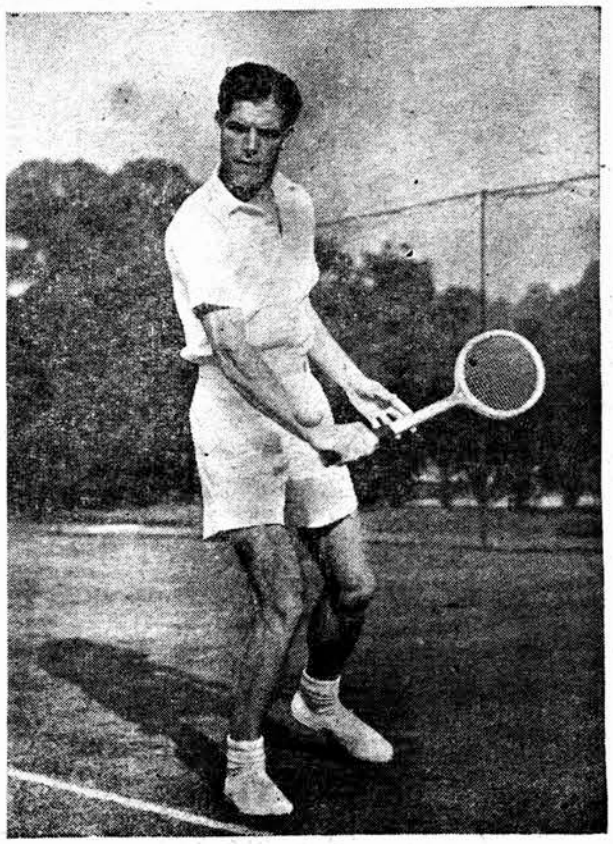
It is just as important, however, and there are few players whose games would not benefit from an improvement in their lobbing. Used properly this stroke is the ideal counter to a sustained net attack, and for the net rusher there is nothing so tiring or discouraging as having to keep on turning round to chase good length lobs.

To play it at its best the shot should be disguised as much as possible, so that the opponent may be kept guessing at the net whether your reply is to be a lob or a passing shot.

Two Kinds Of Lobs

There are really two kinds of lobs, one played low over the net as an attacker aimed to score outright, and the other which is purely defensive and is hit high into the air and deep into the opponent's court. The former is the more difficult shot and is only likely to succeed when the man at the net is very close in, but the defensive lob, which is easier, aims only at driving the opponent back or allowing the defender to gain time. An attacking lob gains in value when it is hit with a small amount of top-spin to carry it away from an opponent when it bounces, whereas the defensive lob must be played with underspin which gives maximum control from the racket.

Many players mistime lobs because they lift their eyes from the ball too soon or else jerk up the head when making the shot. As when making any other stroke, the shoulders and head should be kept steady. The racket should be allowed to follow through normally; this gives control, and allows "touch" with the shot.



Less spectacular than overhead smash, the lob is nevertheless one of the most valuable of strokes. Disguise it as much as possible. Mottram is here about to turn a backhand drive into a lob; note how he keeps the shoulders and head steady.

Powder-Keg Of Far East

(Continued from page 6)

China. The United States moved into the Philippines and, through the "most favoured nation" clause in its treaties with China, sought to gain there by diplomacy the essential advantages other nations were taking by force.

But it was between Russia and Japan that the showdown for control of north Asia occurred. And while the Russo-Japanese war was being fought, President Theodore Roosevelt sent William Howard Taft to Tokyo to make a secret agreement (signed on July 29, 1905) providing that Japan might have Korea in return for a promise not to attack the Philippines. Within a few weeks, in the treaty of Portsmouth, Korea was handed over to Japan.

The practical unwisdom of that move was revealed 25 years later in the Japanese march through Korea into Manchuria and, in six more years, on into China. As for Korea, Sumner Welles called its abandonment "one of the greatest crimes of the Twentieth Century," and Franklin D. Roosevelt, Winston Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek agreed to Cairo, in December, 1943, that what the Korean people suffered under Japanese rule was "enslavement."

Our obligations to Korea, however, are also of much more recent date. As part of the negotiations by which Russia was brought into the Pacific war (for a period of eight days), Russian troops were admitted into the 56 per cent of the Korean Peninsula lying north of the 38th parallel.

How important this was to Russia is evidenced by the fact that for 50 years Russia had been seeking some kind of bargain with Japan that might give her entry into north Korea. The Japanese knowing Korea's key position in the centre of the north Asian triangle, were too smart to be inveigled into any such scheme. American statesmen, however, did not know Asia so well.

Birth Of Republic

Following the defeat of Japan, America's Korean policy consistently has been to find a means of securing our own and Russian withdrawal.

First, we tried to persuade Russia to live up to her promise that she would leave Korea, as soon as the Japanese troops on the peninsula were disarmed and removed. When that failed, we tried for a time to force upon Korean nationalists a coalition with the Communists (similar to the plan tried in China) which would result in an all-Korean Government, Russia would be willing to accept. When the Korean leaders refused to submit the liberties of their people to Communist management, the United States turned the question over to the United Nations and the establishment of the republic of Korea in the American-occupied zone was formalized on August 15, 1948.

The republic that was set up, however, was in a woefully weak position. Its economy was shattered by the 38th parallel division, which cut off from the Southern agriculture and light industries, the coal, minerals, and hydroelectric power of the North. Its factories had deteriorated during the three-year Amrican occupation, during which time, the only constructive measures that could be put into effect consisted of maintaining order and preventing starvation. Industrial production fell to 20 per cent of the normal.

Furthermore, during this three-year period, the Russians hastened to build a solid police state in North Korea and to train and equip an army of 200,000 men. The United States, on the contrary, in the vain effort to win Soviet co-operation, refused to permit Korean nationalists to establish either a government or an army. Consequently, the inauguration of the Korean republic found it with neither military protection nor economic resources. For almost a year, the United States provided protection, by keeping a token body of troops in Korea, while helping to train and equip a force of some 60,000 men. Economic aid was also continued, chiefly through the import of fertilizers for the paddy and the conduct of industrial surveys to determine what rehabilitation and extension of production would be required to make South Korea self-supporting. President Truman's request to the Congress for dol. 150,000,000 was based upon these recommendations.

American Aid

The obligations the United States has incurred in Korea have been sufficient to such an extent that the Secretary of State, Dean Acheson testified to the House Foreign Affairs Committee that abandonment of Korea now "is just not a decent American thing to do."

President Truman, in his message to Congress on June 7 of this year, summed up both the obligations and the advantages of aid to Korea when he said, "Korea has become a testing ground in which the validity and practical value of the ideals and principles of democracy which the republic is putting into practice are being matched against the practices of Communism which have been imposed upon the people of North Korea. The survival and progress of the republic toward a self-supporting, stable economy will have an immense and far-reaching influence on the people of Asia."

Despite international influences, however, the primary responsibility for the survival of any free nation rests inevitably upon its own people. This fact the Koreans have fully accepted and acted upon.

The first requirement was to set up a stable government, which many critics deemed impossible, because of Korean "political immaturity" and lack of any stable party organizations. Nevertheless, in preparation for the May 10, 1948, election, over 80 per cent of all South Korean adults registered and on election day 95.2 per cent of these cast their ballots, despite a Communist campaign of terrorism that resulted in the murder of more than 500 people.

The national assembly so elected drafted a democratic constitution and on August 15 the new government was inaugurated. In the first year of test of this government, many differences of opinion have occurred between the executive and the legislative branches, resulting in working compromises and growing harmony.

The open question, as the republic took over control from American forces was whether public order could be maintained. Korea's mountainous terrain, the presence in South Korea of an undetermined number of Communists who had infiltrated among the 2,000,000 refugees from North Korea, the long, deeply indented, island-shrouded and almost unprotected coastline, and the presumed dissatisfaction of the economically hard-pressed population—all inspired foreign critics to gloomy forebodings of uprisings and riots.

Actually, the Communists were able to instigate rebellions on Cheju Island and among a battalion of troops stationed at the southern port city of Yosu. Both of these were suppressed without the feared spread of rebellion among the populace. Even the failure of the Government's rice-collection programme, resulting in the forced abandonment of the food-ration programme during the spring "hunger months," did not touch off the food riots Communist agitators gleefully sought to foment.

Korean Conscription

And despite the daily incursions of Communist troops across the 38th parallel, including major attacks at Kaesong and on the Ongjin peninsula, the republic has successfully held the line and the people have maintained their confidence. In fact, so notably has order been maintained that by the end of June, it was considered feasible for the last remnants of the American security troops to be withdrawn. The Korean army, meanwhile, has been strengthened by a conscription law, calling to service all youths over 20, for a period of two years.

Economically, the republic has achieved a success beyond the most optimistic hopes. American military government officials, for instance, were outspokenly reluctant to turn over to the new government the "lifelines" that are the Korean railways; yet, since December, when the republic did assume control, more cars have moved and the schedule has been better maintained than under American management. Textile mills have tripled their production. The amount of coal mined has been quadrupled. The mean time of ship unloading (of vital importance, for demurrage charges averaged dol. 2,000 a day) was reduced from one month to one week. Fisheries, household industries, and agriculture all showed notable increases. In effect, the Korean people responded to the establishment of their own government, much as a newly-wed American couple responds to the challenges and responsibilities of marriage. They have worked harder and their mood has changed from one of disillusionment and despair to courage and hope.

The gravest problem in South Korea today is the same as that confronted by any other people on the front line of the post-war ideological-military struggle, namely, can they maintain individual freedoms in a situation of imminent danger from external attack and internal Communist-instigated revolt?

From time to time, American newspaper reporters have cabled back warnings of the imposition of certain elements of martial law. The miracle is that the basic tenets of freedom have been preserved. In two world-wide surveys during the last year, the Associated Press has listed the republic of Korea in the very top group of nations permitting unfettered reporting of the news. A cabinet member charged with fraud by the Government's own independent investigating committee was dismissed and is now on trial in the civil courts. The Eight-Nation United Nations Commission in Korea has reported that it finds the essential elements of representative democracy fully functioning.

Soviet Offensive

Forthright testimony has been presented by the impartial United Nations Commission and by top officials of the United States Department of State and ECA which indicates that the republic of Korea is already making democracy work, both politically and economically; this increasing success is, however, accompanied by sharpening danger.

The Soviet Union has learned now that it cannot win the Korean people to Communism by propagana, by threats, or by the appeal that only through accepting a Communist government can their divided country be reunited. **For the Russians to stand still now would be to lose the hope of seizing all Korea, which they have nurtured for 75 years. It would be to abandon their programme of securing full and free ingress into the rich Pacific area.**

But far from abandoning this hope, the Soviet Union gives every indication of clearing the decks for a bold blow to destroy the firm Korean segment of the sagging democratic front in Asia. The plan of an "all-Korean" election, with a single slate of candidates, and with only Communist supervision, has established their time-table. We may confidently expect wild claims from the Communist puppet-regime of northern Korea that anywhere from 80 to 100 per cent of all adults in south (as well as north) Korea actually took part in the "election."

On August 26, 1948, a similar "all-Korea" election was decreed by the Communst regime, and was followed by the bald claim that 6,000,000 south Koreans voted in it, though U. N. observers, American officials and republic of Korea officers were wholly unable to find any evidence of any voting at all south of the 38th parallel line. However, what really will occur is of less importance than what the Communists will claim and what they will do as a result of their claims.

The reasonable assumption is that they will use the "election" result merely as an excuse for an all-out attack to destroy the republic of Korea—which they declare is forcibly imposed upon the Korean people by the "imperialist United States and United Nations"—and to "liberate" the South Korean populace.

The test in Korea will not be long delayed. What Russia is seeking and the means she will use to get it are abundantly clear. The question that remains is whether the United States is at last prepared to take an effective stand to stop further Communist advances in Asia, or whether we shall see yet another abandonment of democratic forces that have "bet their lives on Uncle Sam," with a consequent shiver of fear spreading through all the remaining free nations of the Far East.

Children love JALEBIS *made with* DALDA

Mix 2 cups of flour with water to obtain thin paste. Cover paste and keep aside for 2 days. Make thin syrup from ¼ lb. sugar and add to it ½ teaspoon of saffron and few drops of rose-water. Add 1 teaspoon of curds to paste, and mix thoroughly. Pour mixture through a ¼" hole. You can do this by making a hole in a tin container or dry coconut shell. Form rings into a shallow frying pan of very hot Dalda, by pouring with a circular motion. Fry well and place in warm syrup. Soak for a few hours, remove and spread jalebis on clean paper to dry.

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Children's Own Corner

Conducted by: AKHIL HIND BALAK SANGH BALKAN-JI-BARI

A HAPPY Diwali to all my younger sisters and brothers and every one!

I am sure, you have enjoyed the Diwali very well—with crackers, lights, Rangoli and sweets.... And, did you share your joy with the poor brethren?

I do hope, you have not forgotten today's function, and have prepared yourselves for it fully. Our Gardener (All-India President) is meeting us after a pretty long time, and we should make the function a grand success.

GOOD GUESS

The man was very excited as he told his friend that he had a new grandchild.

"Is it a little girl?" queried his friend.

"No! Have another guess."

"A little boy?"

"Yes. But who told you?"

★

JULY is a grand month for South African children, because it is the time when parents choose to take them to visit the Kruger Game Reserve, writes C. N.

The Reserve is open to the public from May to October; for the rest of the year it is closed to visitors because it is the breeding season. But the winter months in South Africa are ideal for visiting the Lowveld in which the Reserve stands, and July is the best of all.

The Kruger National Park, in the Eastern Transvaal, is about 200 miles long and 40 broad. It is typical bushveld or shady parkland cut at regular intervals by great tributaries of the Limpopo River.

The various points of entry to the Reserve are guarded by police and game wardens, who issue licences to visit the famous park and who also inspect the gun the visitor is allowed to carry. This is sealed by the warden and the seal may only be broken in case of emergency.

To Rules

As the Reserve has a huge population of lions, elephants, buffaloes, wild pig, antelopes, baboons, giraffes, hippos and smaller flesh-eating animals, some precaution against sudden attack is advisable. But no accident has yet occurred in the Reserve, and none is likely if visitors observe two rules. The first is to travel at not more than 25 miles per hour along the roads. The other is not to leave the car; lions do not associate motor-cars with human beings.

Once within the Reserve, a lovely holiday is spent simply by making one of the camps a headquarters and visiting the surrounding country to see the animals under natural conditions. The lions walk peacefully along and across the roads: giraffes browse calmly off tree tops, elephants stare at you 50 yards away. Thousands of antelopes—kudu, tsessebe, impala, duiker, steenbuck, eland—cross and recross the veld or dart in and out among the trees. Baboons swing in the branches. Hippos laze in quiet lagoons.

Round The Camp Fire

In the camps there are furnished grass-thatched huts available at small cost to visitors. There are hot and cold shower baths and everybody has a camp fire outside the hut for picnic meals.

July is a rainless month in the Lowveld and the nights are delightfully warm. Happiest time of the day is after the evening meal, when campers gather round huge fires and recount the day's adventures.

When schools in South Africa begin a new term in August thousands of happy pupils return to their classrooms with marvellous tales of adventure.

Although the lion is generally called the King of the Beasts the tiger has a greater claim to the title. In the jungle the tiger is a much more splendid-looking animal than the lion, which develops a very ragged appearance.

King Of The Beasts

The tiger, too, has more courage and more strength than the lion. It has been calculated that the strength of a lion is equal to that of five ordinary men, and that of a tiger equal to the strength of nine men.

TWICE AS HARD

A very talkative youth came to Socrates to study oratory. The philosopher charged him double rate as he maintained that he had to teach the youth two sciences—how to speak and how to hold his tongue.

AT TUG-OF-WAR.

Balkan-ji-Bari workers at a Conference.

Balkan-ji-Bari children with H.E. Raja Sir Maharaj Singh, Governor of Bombay.

POOR PARSA

Poor Parsa stood by the bathing pool—

It looked so very cold.

His tutor laughed. "Don't look so scared:

You come up thrice, I'm told.

"Now what's the first thing you would do

If you fell o'er the brink?"

Poor Parsa looked puzzled for a while,

Then said, "Get wet, I think."

BAD BEGINNING

The young lawyer was waxing eloquent in his first case.

"Gentlemen of the Jury, there were 24 hogs in that drove; just 24, gentlemen—exactly twice as many as there are in the jury box."

The effect can be imagined.

Will It Rain?

YOU can't easily forget the havoc that the recent rains played in Bombay. It put one not only out of sorts but also out of moods. I wonder how our children staying in Relief Camps fared!

A simple and interesting experiment can be made to determine whether or not it is going to rain. All that is necessary is a glass tumbler, two-thirds filled with luke-warm water, a lump or two of ice and a thermometer.

First, note the air temperature and then add the ice lumps to the water until the glass begins to "sweat." The temperature of the water should then be taken. You now have two temperature observations, the first of which will nearly always be higher than the second. The nearer the two readings are to one another, the greater the quantity of water vapour in the atmosphere, and consequently the greater the likelihood of rain, and 'vice versa'.

With visibility above two thousand yards, it may safely be said that if the difference between the two readings is two degrees or less, rain is almost certain, if it is above eight degrees, it is extremely unlikely.

A VEGETABLE RIDDLE

WHAT did the Seakale see?
It trembled terribly!
'Twas frightened—it had seen
The Parsnip nip the Bean!

Mid-Mountain Meeting

A two-mile tunnel through the 3092-foot Dumbartonshire mountain Ben Vorlich has been completed after two years. Last month two gangs of men working from opposite directions, drilled their way through the last six inches of rock, 2000 feet below the peak of the mountain, and met in the middle.

The tunnel will carry water from Loch Sloy to the generating station at Inveruglas, Loch Lomond, and was designed for the Scottish Hydro-Electric Board by the builders of the Mersey Tunnel. It is shaped like a horse-shoe and is just over 15 feet in width. More than a thousand tons of explosives have been used, and more than 100,000 tons of rock and rubble have been cleared from the centre of the mountain. Over 500 yards of the tunnel have already been lined with cement and prepared for joining with four steel pipes, each seven feet in diameter, which will carry the water down the mountain-side to the power-station.

The last part of the tunnel was cut away with pneumatic drills and picks, for the gangs of men were too near each other for explosives to be used. The completion of the tunnel will be a big step towards bringing electricity to thousands of Scottish homes.

Balkan-ji-Bari

Who have not yet joined the premier All-India Children's Association, Balkan-ji-Bari—Akhil Hind Balak Sangh? And why have you delayed?

All are most welcome to join the Balkan-ji-Bari. Please send for its particulars and enrolment forms, mentioning your full name and address and age, and enclosing a one anna stamp for postage, from Dada—"Gulistan," Khar—Bombay 21.

Dada will be glad to hear from you always—why not drop him a letter sometime?

JAI HIND.

Indian Dieties In Mesopotamia

BY DR. RADHAKUMUD MOOKHERJI

Dr. Radhakumud Mookherji, the well known scholar and educationist, in nut-shell gives the gist of the glories of Indian cultural heritage to show that India has a singular message to give to the world.

INDIA as a free country must recognise the responsibilities of freedom. Freedom is only a means to an end, a means of India's unfettered self-expression, the unfolding of her genius or soul. The world expects India in her freedom to make her appointed contributions to the culture of mankind.

This she can only do by preserving and promoting the special culture and message for which she has stood through the ages, by recovering some of her lost heritage of thought and institutions. Indians must be alive to the contents of their traditional and special culture which has a value of its own. They must recall some of the unique achievements in their national history.

India's Wheat For The World

The earliest phase of Indian civilization is the Indus civilization. It is now generally admitted that the Indus civilization is also earliet in the world. The origin of civilization is the origin of food that sustains it. India was the first to give wheat to the world. It was first grown in the highland of the Punjab and Afghanistan whence it spread to Sind and westward. It was this bread-wheat which built up European civilization. Abyssinia was also the home of wheat but it was the hard wheat, which built up the Egyptian civilization. Specimens of early wheat have been found among the antiquities of Mohenjo-daro. It is regarded as the ancestor of modern wheat used in Punjab.

The ruins of Mohenjo-daro are arranged in three layers of early, intermediate and later ages. Some of the Indus seals bearing the the figure of the Indian animals, Rhino and humped-bull are found in the old layers excavated near Baghdad which are dated to about 2800 B. C. But these Indian seals belong to the intermediate age of the Indian civilization whose beginning must be dated back to about 500 years earlier, say to 3500 B C

The German Archaeological expedition led by Winckler in 1911 A. D discovered certain Mesopotamian inscription dated to about 1400 B.C These record treaties of peace between the two warring peoples, the Hittites and the Mitanis and the treaties were guiranteed by the national deities they worshipped.

It is surprising that these deities were the well-known Rigvedic Gods named, Indra, Varuna, the two Asvins and Mitra. Thus the assumption is that Rigvedic religion and civilization were developed much earlier than 1400 B.C. to be able to introduce these Indian Gods to far off Mesopotamia through the missionaries and merchants.

There was intercourse between India and Mesopotamia in both commodities and ideas.

The Indus civilization was an independent and isolated growth out of the Indian soil but it was also built up by materials derived by trade from foreign countries far and near and also from other parts of India. For instance, the architecture of Mohenjo-daro shows the use of various stones chosen for their beauty, such as the green stone or the yellow stone. The yellow stone came from Jaisalmir, but the green stone came from the remote Nilgiris specially the place called Doddabetta in Mysore State. It appears that these Indian green stones also found their way into the old Sumerian city of Ur. This economic fact shows that the North and South of India were connected by close commercial intercourse which overcame the obstacles of the Vindya hills and the forest of Dandakaranya. Similarly, the district of Hazaribagh sent its tin from its mines to Mohenjo-daro.

But the Indus people also indented for many valuable building materials upon countries like Badakshah and Iran. The citizens of Mohenjo-daro used ornaments and jewelleries made of materials derived from places outside of Sind.

The gold used has been examined by experts, and found to be the particular type of gold which was derived from the Kolar Gold Fields of Mysore. Precious stones like Jade, Carnelian or Agate came from Central Asian countries. Thus India in very early times cultivated both commercial and cultural intercourse with foreign countries up to Masopotamia.

Vedic Constitution

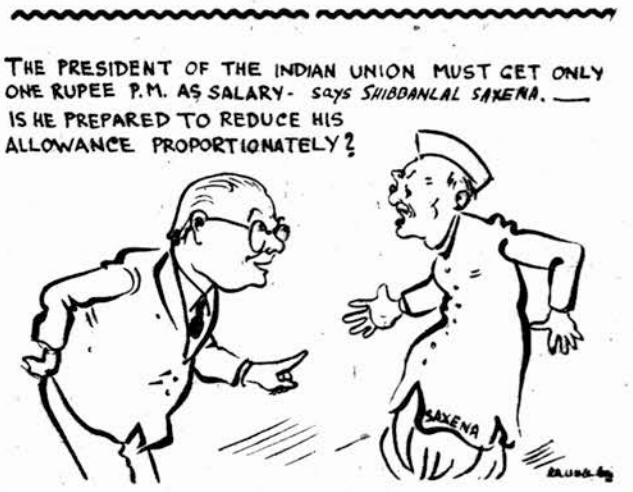
We owe to the Vedas the earliest democratic conceptions and institutions of mankind. The Rigveda tells of the Sabha and the Samiti as checking the King's autocracy. The Vedic King was a constitutional King. The true Sovereign was Dharma while the King was the Dando or Supreme executive to enforce the decrees of Dharma. The King had also to take oath of loyalty to the Law and Constitution of the realm. The last prayer of the Regveda, the last Sukta of the 10th Mandala, is a prayer to what may be considered as the Deity of Democracy known by the abstract name of Samjnana or Samajnana, typfying the collective political consciousness of the whole people, the National Mind as the object of national worship. That prayer calls upon the people to worship the Deity of Democracy by bringing to it a complete rational unity, union of mind, heart, soul of hopes and aspirations as the best offering for that worship.

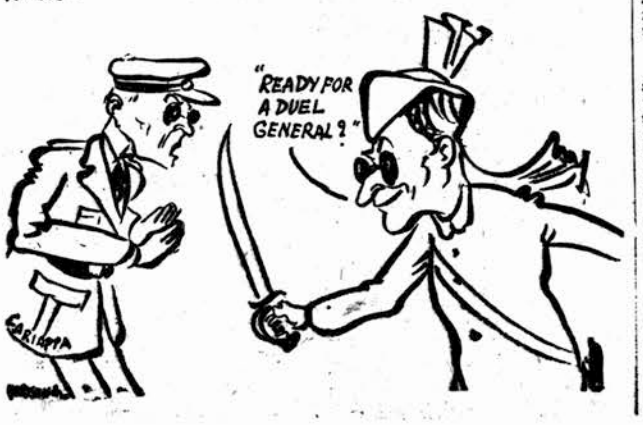
The Upanishads record the proceedings of the world's first Philosophical Congress convened by King Janaka of Videha. In that Congress the founders and exponents of different schools of philosophy debated their doctrines for purposes of their acceptance. Of the 10 leading philosophers of those days, the most prominent were Yajnavalkya and the woman philosopher Gargi who held her own in the debate of the Congress.

Indian Culture Abroad

Ancient India also made remarkable contributions in the sphere of action as in that of thought. The Maurya Empire was the largest that India has ever seen. It was a Greater India which extended from the borders of Persia up to Southern India. Countries now known as Afghanistan and Baluchistan were annexed by Chandragupta Maurya, the founder of that Empire by defeating the Greek King Seleucus in 304 B.C. His grandson Asoka established his righteous rule (Dharma-chakra) over the whole of this empire up to Tamraparni or Ceylon.

It is gratifying that the National Flag of free India has been fashioned after the pattern of Asoka's Sarnath Pillar. But it is to be noted that the 'Chakra' figuring on that pillar was not Asoka's Chakra, but the Dharma Chakra or the Religious State (Chakra), the Rule of Right, what Gandhiji would call Rama-rajya, which was inaugurated by the Great Buddha by his first preaching at Sarnath. One must not miss the religious character of the Indian State, its spiritual and moral foundations in the principles of Non-Violence, Universal Peace and Brotherhood. It was not a purely secular, godless State with its emphasis on the mundane and the material so as to encourage disintegrating forces like atheism and Communism. **Asoka dedicated himself to the services of a universal religion which was not limited by any sect or creed.** He was even up to deputing his eldest son and daughter to distant Ceylon for working there as missionaries of Buddhism. Such a sacrifice is rare in the annals of Kingship.—(Asian Press).


THE PRESIDENT OF THE INDIAN UNION MUST GET ONLY ONE RUPEE P.M. AS SALARY- says SHIBBANLAL SAXENA.
IS HE PREPARED TO REDUCE HIS ALLOWANCE PROPORTIONATELY?
SAXENA



CONTRACT

Howard Schenken & Richard L. Frey

DECEPTIVE play of today's hand decided a recent team-of-four match. The bidding was the same at both tables, and in both cases West opened the five of spades.

One declarer won the first trick with the king of spades and took the club finesse at once. East won with the king of clubs and saw that the spades were hopeless unless his partner had diamond strength as an entry to the spades.

If his partner had diamond strength, East decided, it was better to attack that suit at once rather than continue the spades. He therefore switched to diamonds, knocking out South's ace. Declarer could take five clubs, two spades, and one diamond, but needed a heart trick for his game contract. When he led a heart, however, East could take the heart ace at once and run the rest of the diamonds.

At the other table the declarer won the first trick with dummy's ace of spades and led a heart from dummy at once. Perhaps East should have put up the ace of hearts at once and shifted to diamonds, but the situation was far from clear. Actually, East quickly played a low heart in the hope that South planned to take a loosing finesse in hearts. Naturally South won with the king of hearts and immediately switched to clubs. Having "stolen" a heart trick, he could easily make his contract with five clubs, two spades, a diamond and the heart.

INSERT A

North-South vulnerable.
North dealer.

NORTH
♠ A 8 4
♡ 8 5
◇ 6 3
♣ A Q J 7 6 2

WEST
♠ J 9 7 5 2
♡ J 9 6
◇ K 9 7
♣ 8 3

EAST
♠ Q 10
♡ A 7 3 2
◇ Q J 8 5 3
♣ K 5

SOUTH
♠ K 6 3
♡ K Q 10 4
◇ A 10 4
♣ 10 9 4

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
1♣	Pass	1♡	Pass
2♣	Pass	2 N.T.	Pass
3♣	Pass	3 N.T.	All Pass

ODOURS—PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT

How Much Can One Tolerate?

★

Odors: Physiology and Control, by Carey P. McCord & William N. Witheridge (McGraw-Hill Book Company Inc., New York,) Price $6.50.

ODOURS may be pleasant or unpleasant attractive or disgusting. There is no common agreement on this point. The odour of garlic and onions may be more appealing to some people and very repulsive to others. Rotten cheese is liked and relished by some gourmands whereas others run away from it with a sense of nausea. The sense of smell depends upon the immediate and personal experience of "association" for the determination of pleasure or pain, attraction or repulsion by arousing past memories. . ."A misplaced aroma is an anathema and the lack of aroma is intolerable", writes S. G. Sastry in "Journal of Scientific and Industrial Research."

Man is said to be commonly endowed with five senses: sight, hearing, touch, taste and smell. Of these, sight is known to be caused by light waves which are vibrations in the ether, whilst hearing and touch are caused by pressure differences. Sound waves in the air impinge on the ear and bring about rapid changes in pressure on a diaphragm which vibrates and transmits the sensation of hearing to the mind and touch is caused by pressure applied to practically any part of the skin. There are definite mathematical laws as to harmony and melody in sound and colour which affect animals and ourselves to a large extent similarly. Taste and smell, however, are not induced by any known waves in the ether or in the air, but are caused by contact in the case of taste and nearness in the case of smell of certain specific substances. It is a very general experience that odours are more efficient in arousing memory than are mere colour effects or sounds. It is due to this close association with memory (conscious or unconscious) that an odour is agreeable or disagreeable. There are other factors that come into play. Taste and smell are classified as chemical senses by Moncrieff.

Continuous investigations have been made on the subject of odours in Western countries and a large volume of literature has come into existence. That the science of odour or smell is a very complicated phenomenon is proof of the fact that an extensive vocabulary has come into daily use when anybody wants to describe the smell or odour. The following are some of the words used in literature in relation to odour: "smells may be pleasant or unpleasant, feeble, faint, strong, bland, pungeant, maukish (Scotch mawk—maggot), fruity, dank, arid, stuffy, mephitic or sulphury, aromatic, ethereal, balsamic, acid, fragrant, ambrosial, burnt, repulsive, nauseating, foetid, penetrating, distracting, alluring, seductive, soft, heavy, sharp, alliaceous (smell of garlic), rancid, spicy, flowery, resinous, foul and so on" (Moncrieff). The various nuances of the perception of smell can thus be imagined depending on the personality of each man and the mental and emotional experience or associations he has had under different circumstances, Even metaphorically, words generally connoting "the odour" have crept into every literature of the world. The use of the word "odour" to emphasize past associations comes to a grand climax in the Sanskrit expression 'Poorva Janana Vasana' or previous birth.

To produce the sensation of smell in animals and more specially in man, the quantity of the substance which is responsible for the smell is infinitesimally small. The most well-known example quoted in text-books of science is that of musk. Statements have been made that a small speck of musk continues to emanate its smell for years continuously and still not lose any weight as can be measured by the most sensitive chemical balance in existence.

A great deal of work has been done recently on the subject of "threshold concentration", i.e. the minimum concentration for any particular substance which just arouses the sensation of smell in human beings.

The importance of these estimations lies in the fact that when we have to consider the nuisance value of disagreeable odour in the life of the community, the actual quantity of a substance that goes to create the nuisance may be exceedingly small and may still be a nuisance. Purely from a physiological point of view, such small quantities of odorous substances permeating the air may not be harmful but they still create a horrible nuisance.

From the point of view of the life of a community, an odour—that which acts on the special nerves of smell distributed in the chambers of the nose—acquires its attractive or repulsive quality only as a result of mental association with what is beneficial (suitable food, mates, friends, safety, home, the nest) or what is injurious (unsuitable food, poison, enemies, danger, strange surroundings, solitude). These are conditioned as a result of tradition or through personal experience to be beneficial or injurious and hence determine man's liking for and choice or rejection of odours and flavours. For example, the odour of sewer gas, foul accumulations of refuse, or putrescence has become painful and almost unbearable to the more cleanly classes of mankind owing to the association with it, or as a result of education, of the fear of disease and poisoning. Those members of the despised profession, but none the less the real and true public servants, viz., those that are engaged in scavenging work or those that work in the so-called offensive trades and industries, get used to mal-odorous surroundings, and are known to eat their meals with gusto and relish even when on duty at mid-day intervals. It is but right and merciful that God grants some indescribable immunity to these noble public servants!

Body Odours

Several distinct and repulsive smells liable to occur on the human body are generally due to want of cleanliness. The fatty secretions of the skin are often decomposed by bacteria even before complete extrusion from the glands in which they are formed, as for example, perspiration. Through perspiration the skin gets rid of water, inorganic salts, traces of urea, certain odorous principles of the food eaten (like the smell of garlic) and others. They will undergo bacterial and chemical changes—and contribute to what is popularly termed as "body odour". This body odour differs from person to person according to habits and according to different races and communities. But in the young and healthy animals in natural conditions (including man) there is some check on the putrefying activities of the omni-present bacteria, or decomposition due to chemical changes. Generally speaking, the skin of a healthy, youthful adolescent has a pleasant odour and the breath is naturally sweet smelling. These factors have an important bearing on the personal hygiene of human beings congregated in large communities and also the proper washing and treatment of the clothes they wear.

The foregoing general remarkes on "odours" will give a general background of the various aspects of the subjects dealt within the book under review. In the introduction to the book the authors state:

"Granting endless opportunities for disagreement, for the objectives of this book an offensive odour is one that, from its own properties, chemical and physical, is disturbing to the majority of healthy persons exposed to its olfactory action.... Without, on the one hand, condoning all the disturbances attributed to offensive odours or, on the other, rejecting all significance of offensive odours, this has been devised to make available, in objective fashion, personal and accumulated experience related to odours in general but chiefly to the offensive ones, their control, and their import in the human communality."

In other words, the aesthetic and beneficial contribution of odours (such as perfumes and cosmetics) as social embellishments to make one's self more pleasant or attractive in society do not form a serious part of this book. Nor is the significant part that odour plays in biological functions such as mating and the preservation of species, struggle for existence, etc., given any prominence in this book.

In a community, offensive odours from solid, liquid and gaseous wastes are always present and the abatement, masking or elimination of such odours for the general well-being of the community from the public health point of view happens to be the main objective. From this point of view this book may truly be termed as a "community service book".

Every practising doctor, every public health officer, anywhere in the world, will derive benefit by going through the pages of this book.

The book contains 23 chapters and an extensive bibliography. Starting with the anatomy and the physiology of the nose; all the subject are historically dealt with in a most logical sequence with ample documentation. Next three chapters deal with the chemical constitution of odours, their classification, their detection and measurement. A good amount of work has already been done on the theory of odours. Starting from 1870 till 1947, there have been 23 theories on the subject and no agreement seems to have been finally arrived at. An odour may be due to the volatility of its constituent or constituents, solubility, chemical reactivity and to molecular vibrations. According to Dyson an odorous substance must have appreciable vapour pressure so that the odorous molecules may make contact with the olfactory region. It must be soluble in the liquid matter of the olfactory region. The tendency is to attribute the causation of an odour to intra-molecular vibrations while giving a minor but, none the less, a contributory place to other chemical and physical properties of the odour substance. The existing knowledge on the subject is ably reviewed by the authors in different chapters. After this, the place, functions and the influence of odours in relation to the well-being of the community and their control are dealt with according to a well thought-out plan, viz. the authors start with human beings, their personal hygiene in health and disease from the point of body odours; next in importance comes the home of a citizen and the subject of household odours is dealt with: next in order, the primary needs of human beings, viz. food and water, are dealt with from the odour point of view (including municipal drinking water supply and sanitary services). Human beings congregate in large offices for their daily work and also in industrial establishments that carry on processes which come under the category of offensive occupations—these are dealt with next. The question of proper ventilation and air-conditioning both in an ordinary household and also in large factories and offices are dealt with, with hints to architects and engineers in the designing of these buildings. Whether it be in one's own household or in a factory or the office, if the offensive odours should be controlled, abated, masked or eliminated, certain steps have to be taken to achieve the object in view and the authors have a number of suggestions which have proved effective in practice. Their own personal experience and achievements are recorded with a certain amount of modesty. For example, the treatment of sewage in a city in the most inoccuous manner and the treatment of the city drinking water supply by coagulants, chlorine or activated charcoal, etc. are dealt with comprehensively.

Legal Aspects

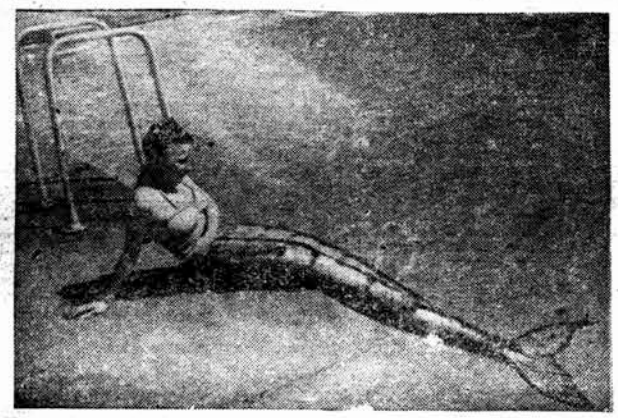
Finally, the legal aspect of the odour nuisance has been dealt with according to the American Law. The misgivings and misapprehensions which the ordinary man in the street has regarding the nature, character and influence of offensive odours have been carefully analysed. This is the first time that the legal aspects of a subject which has been the basis of scientific investigations in the theoretical and practical fields have been dealt with in a scientific text-book.

The authors have done the job systematically and thoroughly.

One gets the impression on going through the book that special emphasis has been laid on human body odours, specially human sweat or perspiration. This may be looked upon as an indirect indication of the specially developed fastidiousness in matters of personal hygiene noticeable in American society. Personal cleanliness, subjectively, may bring about an agreeable sense of well-being and one may enjoy the luxury of the self-complacent thought that cleanliness is next to Godliness! But, objectively, from the detailed treatment of the subject in the book, the authors suggest that personal cleanliness is a social necessity. Who dare disagree with them?

This book will form a companion volume to another excellent earlier British publication entitled 'Chemical Senses' by R. W. Moncrieff, published .

"MERMAID" GOES A SWIMMING



Joan Stratford the original film "Mermaid", of the film "Miranda", when she took part in a swimming display of the National Bathing Beauty Competition at the Prestwick Bathing Lake, Glasgow.

COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE AMONG BHOTIYAS

★

(Continued from Page 10)

the soul of the dead may have no difficulty in coming home and joining the ancestors. This is a peculiar custom born of the superstitious nature of the Bhotiyas.

In memory of the dead the relations sometimes give up eating flesh or curds or some other article of diet for a year or smaller period after a death. The funeral rites involve considerable expenditure and a big feast to friends and relatives is essential to complete the ceremonies.

Energetic And Industrious

It will be seen that the Bhotiyas are in a variety of ways the most remarkable people. They have all the virtues and vices of the people on the hills but they are more energetic and industrious than sub-Himalayans. They have a middling stature and are noted for their white complexion and ruddy cheeks. Besides being a very sturdy race they are scrupulously honest. Theft is practically unknown in these parts. In manners they may be found somewhat rude and boorish as they lack the culture and refinement which are displayed by educated men on the plains. They are, however, very cheerful and good-humoured. They are found of music, both vocal and instrumental. Dancing in which both men and women join freely is their favourite pastime. So far they have maintained their vigour and strength in spite of some glaring abuses but a constant drain will tell upon the vitality of any people. The Joharis have adapted themselves to changed conditions and they are more wealthy and prosperous than others of their race. It is hoped that the backward class will also carry out necessary reforms to bring themselves into line with their flourishing neighbours.

UNCLE SAM'S BLUE PRINT OF WAR

PUBLIC NOTICES

RECRUITMENT OF TECHNICAL OFFICERS IN THE ARMY

1. Applications are invited from Indian nationals and Gorkhas for appointment as Commissioned Officers in the Royal Indian Engineers, the Indian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and the Corps of Indian Signals.

DURATION OF COMMISSIONS

2. 7 years extensible upto 10 years if willing and services required. A certain number of these officers will have good prospects of being granted Permanent Regular Commissions if as a result of their service they come up to the standard laid down for such Commissions.

AGE

3. Between 30 and 40 years.

QUALIFICATIONS

4. (a) RIE & IEME.

Either of the following:—

(i) Associate Membership of the Institution of Engineers or qualification that is accepted by the Institution in exemption thereof, vide Gazette of India notification SB 97-1147, dated 5th April 1947. or

(ii) Parts A & B of the Examination for Associate Membership of the Indian Institution of Engineers or such other examination as is accepted by the Institution in exemption thereof, vide Gazette of India Part I, Section I, dated 5th April 1947

(iii) Degree in E & M or Wireless Engineering of a recognised University

or

any one of the following:—

(a) (i) Final passing out Certificate from I.M.N.S. "DUFFERIN"

(ii) The Second Mates B.O.T. Ticket or a Certificate of satisfactory completion of apprenticeship from a recognised Marine Engineer Workshop as required by the BOT

(b) First or Second Class Engineers Certificate of competency awarded by the Board of Trade.

(c) A degree in Marine Engineering

(b) IND. SIGS.

Either of the following:—

(i) An engineering degree of a recognised university with telecommunication or radio as one of the subjects.

(ii) A degree of a recognized university with Applied Mathematics and Physics, supported by a diploma of a recognized telecommunication institute in radio engineering.

(iii) A graduate (Grade IEE or AMIEE) of the Institute of Electrical Engineering (UK) Pt. III (Radio & Communication Engineering).

(iv) Associate membership of Institution of Engineers (INDIA) (or such other examination as is accepted by the institution in exemption thereof) with at least two years' experience in telecommunication engineering.

SELECTION

5. Qualified and eligible candidates will be interviewed by a Services Selection Board. Those called for interview will receive Second Class travelling allowance, both ways.

GRANT OF COMMISSION

6. Selected candidates will be granted commissions in the rank of 2/Lt after a short period of military training. Higher acting ranks with pay will be admissible to a limited number for those accepted in the Corps of IEME.

7. Full particulars and application forms may be had from Army Headquarters, AG's Branch (SP 4), New Delhi. The last date for receipt of completed application forms at Army Headquarters is 1 Dec. '49.

5986

Gen. Vandenberg's All-Out Plans Against Soviet Aggression

★

BY COL. ALLEN G. GREER

RECENT public statements by high officials—civilian and military—of the Defence Department before Committees of Congress reveal-substantially the United States' "war plan" in case of conflict with Russia.

Gen. Hoyt S. Vandenberg, Air Force Chief of Staff, in a written statement said Russia was the only threat to the security of the U.S. In the first stage of the war, long-distance bombers, from bases in the U.S., would attack atomic-bomb targets already picked and constantly repicked inside the U.S.S.R., By Air Force Intelligence. Vandenberg added significantly that this threat to Russian targets was the best insurance against Russian aggression.

In case of war with the Soviet Union, it is assumed generally that Russian forces will attempt an immediate invasion of the Western European states with whom we are allied ideologically and by the Atlantic Pact. To combat the Russian invasion, following the atomic bombing, our efforts then will be to build up with American equipment Western European armies, with French divisions as the backbone, and maintain a foothold on the continent.

The third stage consists of an offensive by all Allied land forces, the major portion of which will be American, supported by U.S. and British Tactical Air Forces.

Among recognized basic essentials for successful conduct of operations in war, the element of surprise is outstanding. Apparently we have abandoned this principle.

With the Russian General Staff possessing fairly complete knowledge of our plans and intentions, the task of providing defence against them will be simplified. As a "war plan" then, the weakness of our policy is glaringly evident. But this may be superficial.

Gen. Vandenberg's statement was written and presumably was approved previously by Air Secretary Symington and probably also by Defence Secretary Johnson. The General's declaration inevitably aroused Russian animosity and if their Government contemplated war it could serve as an excuse for beginning hostilities.

First consideration marks it as needlessly provocative, undiplomatic and a useless exposure of our plans. But it may have had an ulterior purpose.

No Illusions

Assuming that Soviet forces invade Western Europe, and even if our planes successfully attack principal Russian cities, Russian armies cannot be stopped by atomic bombing alone but must be held by Allied ground forces with strong tactical air support.

Atomic bombs may cause havoc and devastation to Russian cities, but it is a delusion to suppose that this destruction will either stop Russian offensives or win the war.

Therefore it is reasonable to believe that the statements of our higher officers, particularly of Gen. Vandenberg, deliberately weighed the disadvantages of disclosing our plans in case of actual war, against effects that might be produced by warning Russia of the disastrous consequences to their country should they begin hostilities.

The statements may be regarded not so much as careless discussion of our plans for conducting war but as propaganda calculated to prevent its occurrence.

Mrs. Browne rebuked her maid: "I wrote your name with my finger in the dust this morning".

"I know you did, mum," replied the girl, "and you spelt it wrong".

★

Two women were preparing to board the air liner. One of them turned to the pilot and said, "Now, please don't travel faster than sound. We want to talk".

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ART AND AESTHETICS IN RAMAYANA

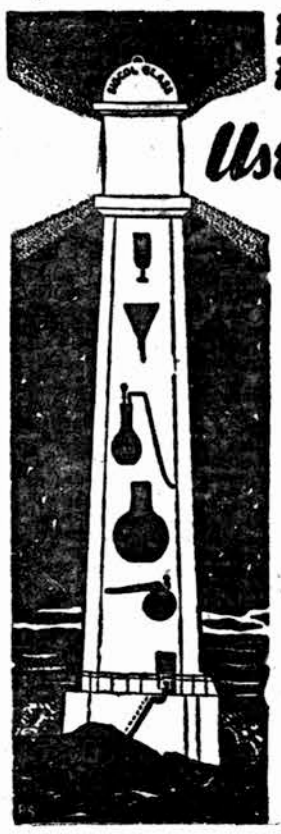
★

(Continued from page 14)

representation is begun. "The mind o the sage," says Chuang Tzu, "being in repose becomes the mirror of the universe, the speculum of all creation." Croce is entirely correct when he speaks of "the artist who never makes a stroke with his brush without having seen it with his imagination", and remarks that the externalisation of a work of art "implies a vigilant will, which persists in not allowing certain visions, intuitions or representations to be lost". It is a sort of 'polarisation through means of which we touch the inmost depths of our nature so that we may lift ourselves to a state of calm and lucid exaltation and be face to face with reality'.

This employment of the 'Yoga' formulae in the service of art is not merely a mental exercise or a religious discipline, but the most practical preparation for any undertaking whatever. Hanuman, for instance, before searching the Ashoka grove for Sita, prayed to the gods, contemplated for a moment, and ranged the grove in imagination before he found her; then only did he spring from the walls of Lanka like an arrow from a bow and enter the grove in flesh. In India it has always been believed that all knowledge is directly accessible to the concentrated and one-pointed mind, without the direct intervention of the senses. This is a matter of personal experience for all inventors, artists or mathematicians. In the language of psycho-analysis, this concentration preparatory to undertaking a specific task is "the willed introversion of a creative mind which retreating before its own problem and inwardly collecting its forces, dips at least for a moment into the source of life, in order there to wrest a little more strength from the mother for the completion of its work" and the result of this union (yoga) is "a fountain of youth and new fertility". This is true as much of the literary artist as of the architect, the painter and the sculptor.

"He's crazy about me, Lil.... he says now he's on the night shift he dreams about me every day".



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PIONEER OF FREE VERSE RHYTHMS

William Earnest Henley "An Imperialist Poet"

★

BY BRUCE BAIN

WILLIAM Ernest Henley, whose centenary is celebrated in England this year, is known today chiefly as an imperialist poet, as the collaborator of Robert Louis Stevenson, and as an author of "Invictus" ("Out of the night that covers me....") with its famous apostrophe of "man's unconquerable soul".

His neglect is undeserved, for in a n active, versatile and courageous career he had a marked influence on the development of English taste and was himself a critic, poet and editor of considerable talent.

WILLIAM Henley was born on August 23, 1849, in the quiet cathedral town of Gloucester, England, the eldest son of a bookseller and printer. At the age of twelve his limbs were attacked by what is now known to be a tubercular infectioin, but which the doctors of the day attempted to treat with caustic pencils, immersion in entrails of slaughted cattle and other fantastic remedies.

His schooldays were largely spent on crutches, and in frequent pain, until in 1868, at the age of 19, his leg was amputated below the knee. His illness, and his father's poverty, prevented Henley from attending a university, and for the next five years he remained in Gloucester, reading, writing and watching the disease take hold. This continuual pain and the separation from academic life are keys to the subsequent development of Henley's life and work.

In 1873 Henley's other foot was in danger, and the doctors again proposed amputation, but the young man refused and set out for Edinburgh, where he placed himself under the care of Joseph Lister. Henley, always a heretic, believed in the outcast whose championship of carbolic made a revolution in English medicine, and he spent twenty months in the Old Infirmary. It was the making of Henley's career. For Lister saved his other leg, and Henley wrote a set of 'Hospital Outlines' in verse, which Leslie Stephen published in the "Cornhill" magazine in 1875. Stephen-Virginia Woolf's father and the editor of the "Dictionary or National Biography"—was impressed by the vigour and realism of the convalescent poet's work, and while on a lecture tour in Edinburgh, he called at the Infirmary to see him. It was a crucial day in Henley's life, for Stephen took with him another young contributor to the "Cornhill"—an Edinburgh writer, also affected by tuberculosis, Robert Louis Stevenson. It was the beginning of a long friendship between the two young men.

First Editorial Work

When Henley left hospital Stevenson introduced him to Edinburgh society, impressed by his personal courage, his aggressive enthusiasms, his distinctive personality, and his vast range of unacademic knowledge, particularly of contemporary European literature. (During his hospital days he had taught himself Spanish, German and Italian). These qualities carried Henley through his career in London, once Stevenson had launched him. Stevenson helped him to obtain his first editorial commission, the writing of several unsigned articles on French literature for the ninth edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica"; and when Henley went to London, in the autumn of 1877, after two years of desultory journalism and hackwork, Stevenson introduced him to an eccentric friend, Robert Glasgow Brown, who made him the editor of a new literary weekly "London".

"London's" career was brief but brilliant. Many of Henley's poems and provocative reviews appeared in it and Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights", and though its editor was a freelance journalist again by the spring of 1879, his reputation was made. Henley's appearance and personality, as much as his writing, helped to establish him as a dominating figure of London literary circles.

He was a cheerful crippled Viking of a man, "a maimed Berserker". William Archer called him, huddled over his crutches, with twisted hands but with a sturdy body, crowned by a great leonine head of shaggy red hair, often decked with a black sombrero.

He wrote for some six papers—on politics, music, books and the drama— and was able to support not only his Scots wife but his widowed mother and younger brother. Henley also turned his hand to play-writing, in collaboration with Stevenson. By the time "London" ended, Stevenson and Henley completed Deacon Brodie, which was planned for Henry Irving, who never played in it, and it was not, in fact, produced until 1883. This was to be the first of a dozen plays, but the nomadic Stevenson was off to Paris and California—and without his aid Henley seemed incapable of dramatic composition. Deacon Brodie was privately printed in 1880, and is the first book with Henley's name on its title-page.

As Art Critic

In 1881 Henley began a new career as an art critic. His euthusiasm for Millets painting, which he first saw in 1880, led to a controversial essay in which he compared the French artist to Michaelangelo and which drew Ruskin's fire. For five years he was editor of the 'Magazine of Art', where, at the head of a set of distinguished writers, he championed the work of Constable and Whistler attacked the theories of the Pre-Raphaelites, and was the artisan of Rodin, hitherto ignored in England. Henley prepared the way for the English acceptance of the Impressionists, and, notably, saw English art in a European setting.

During his editorship of the 'Magazine of Art', Henley wrote three more plays with Stevenson—Beau Austin, Admral Guinea and Macaire, but in 1886 their collaboration and their friendship ended, and Stevenson died before they were reconciled. For two years Henley continued to review and to write poetry, which first appeared in book-form in 1888. A Book of Verse, which made his name as a minor lyrist, contained Bric a Brac (elegant pastiches of French literary forms), In Hospital, and Echoes of Life and Death. The year of 1888 was a landmark in Henley's career, for in December he was made the editor of the "Scots Observer", a new literary, political review founded by a patriotic Scot, and he returned to Edinburgh.

The "Scots Observer", subtitled 'An Imperial Review", was distinguished by political jingoism and literary liberalism: Henley, whose Conservatism was violent but unorthodox kept his political prejudices out of the literary pages. He encouraged the work of new writers—Kipling and Yeats among them—and from 1890 to 1896 he was an intellectual leader in English life. The year 1890 marked another peak in Henley's life. Some collected essays were published as Views and Reviews: Beau Austin was successfully produced by Tree at the Haymarket Theatre; and the "Scots Observer", retitled the "National Observer', moved to London.

Battle Against "Decadents"

Back in London Henley did battle against the so-called "decadents", the writers associated with Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Breadley and the Yellow Book who practised refinements of style and pessimism. Henley, professionaly fierce, proudly swept a flock of young men into print, preaching heroic defiance, manliness and acceptance of life. He blushed with the best intentions, a literary swashbuckler who cherished his parentage of

William Ernest Henley' is today chiefly remembered as a poet.

Long John Silver, the pirate of Stevenson's Treasure Island. The often hysterical patriotism of poems such as Pro Rege Nostro was only a part of his message: he was the advocate of action, realism, satire, candour, and struggle, the enemy of the ivory tower. While the Yellow Book aesthetes met at the Cheshire Cheese, the "Henley Regatta", as Max Beerbohm called them met at Solferinos in Rupert Street. Henley was a great talker, and Wells, Kipling, Barrie, Gilbert Parker, Charles Whibley and many others were content to listen. In 1892 his poetic reputation was established by The Song of the Sword and other Verses, which included Rhymes and Rhythms and London Voluntaries, on which he is chiefly judged today.

By 1895 Henley's hey-day was over, and in 1894 he had received two sharp personal shocks—the death of his daughter (the original of Wendy in Barrie's Peter Pan) and of Stevenson in Samoa. Besides these the death of the "National Observer" which had cost its proprietor £20,000, counted little. It had been too brilliant for its time, too outspoken to be successful. At the end of 1894 he became editor of the "New Review", and during four years' editorship he published a good deal of outstanding new work, but his recurrent illness was taking its toll. Nonetheless he embarked on a mass of work—he edited anthologies of English verse and prose, he launched the thirty-two volumes of Tudor Translations (1892-1903) and he compiled a seven-volume dictionary of slang, with John S. Farmer.

On Pension

When the "New Review" ended in 1898, Mr. Balfour secured Henley a Civil List pension which saved him from poverty, and he retired from Fleet Street, first to Muswell Hill then to Wothing and Woking where the disciples from the Regatta often visited him. He was old before his time, still vigorous in mind but weak in body. He spent his remaining years on his dictionary and anthologising, editing the works of Fielding and Smollett, a retirement marred only by a better attack on Graham Balfour's life of Stevenson in 1901, in which he pilloried the later development of R.L.S., and which alienated many writers, such as Shaw. His last poetry, the violent reflection of the South African war followed by some gentle lyrics, was contained in For England's Sake (1900), Hawthorn and Lavender (1901) and A Song of Speed (1903). He died on July 11, 1903.

Henley's chief importance was perhaps as an arbiter of taste. W. B. Yeats said that "Henley got the best out of us all" for, as J. B. Priestley puts it, he made people write well.

He was not a believer in editorial 'laissez-faire', and went so far as to revise Yeat's poetry and write in anti-Wagnerian passages in Bernard Shaw's music criticism. He maintained a sturdy nonconformity, refusing to compromise with the standards of Victorian journalism, and was keenly alive to new writing. He was remarkable from his youth for his cosmopolitan taste—one advantage of his unacademic career—and though the most chauvinist of poets, was the least insular of critics. Moreover, although in attacking one form of cant, Henley sometimes fell victim to another, he made a stand for moral values and balanced the influence of the "decadents" of the day. His influence, indeed, was extensive over Edwardian literature, for Gissing, Wells, Benrett, Chesterton, and Kipling all owed something to the "chief Bull Roarer' of Rupert Street, as Ivor Brown has called him

Pioneer Of Free Verse

As a literary critic, he stressed the literary and social context of a work—e.g. the effects of the Elizabethan theatre of Shakespeare—at a time when this was heresy, and though he turned constantly to French models, in poetry, playwriting and criticism he rejected entirely any aesthetic which left no room for 'man's unconquerable soul".

As a poet, he at first followed in the backwash of the French Parnassians, opening up new vistas of technical experiment, but in his hospital verse he introduced a new note of realism into English poetry, and he was a pioneer of free verse rhythms.

He widened the range of poetic diction by his use of slang, and his London poetry may be compared to Baudelaire's impressions of the atmosphere of Paris.

As playwright Henley and Stevenson were alone in considering the drama as an aesthetic problem, and though contemporary audiences did not take their plays as seriously as the authors, the dramatic critics held them up to the new generation as models. Finally, Henley's philosophy, expressed directly in "Invictus" and obliquely in the patriotic poetry, is the expression of a personal Darwinism, the fruit of his own experience of suffering and the reflection of a contemporary spirit. His exaltation of the strong, the heroic, the masculine, his dismissal of democratic and peaceful ideals, and his abhorrence of comfort—these reflected the social expansion and boisterous agnosticism of the English middle class and their efforts to accommodate history to the new doctrine of the struggle for survival. Henley takes a minor place in the English literature of will, through Byron, Borrow, Browning and Carlyle: they had religious backing, while he had to find biological, not theological sanctions.

It was above all as talker, perhaps, that Henley exerted his influence, but this crippled Dr. Johnson of the nineties had no Boswell to record his conversation. He is remembered in such testimony as that of George Meredith's that he has "on of the main supports of good literature in our time".

FATHER OF POLITICAL SCIENCE

(Continued from Page 12)

is a very fascinating section of the Arthasastra with reference to those new colonies, they required a multitude of regulations, the ground was graded according to its productiveness, wild lands and elephant forests were preserved. Cities as such were to be located in strategic locations. And an interesting comparison can be made with city planning suggestions of Aristotle, when Kautilya states that "streets and gates should be properly adapted for different classes of traffic, with a secret way for rapid exit in case of emergency."

State Monopoly

There was to be a state monopoly of mining and commerce in mining products, very similar to the Mexican provisions of a similar nature.

The manufacturing of all metals, copper, lead, tin, mercury, brass bronze, arsenic, and by-products was to be supervised. There was to be a government monopoly on salt, and persons other than hermits manufacturing salt without licence were prosecuted. In fact there were penalties for the adulteration of salt. Many other industries were supervised, there were to be state-owned operations, joint facilities with private enterprise, and even productive associations financed by state credit.

The state was also to be a sort of modern insurance agency, and to thus encourage trade and commerce. In fact the state was even to assume responsibility for all things lost to thieves by merchants, because it was the duty of the state which had its responsibility to protect. In relation to the regulation of labour, it was to be allowed a freedom of contract. Penalties were established for conspiring to lower the work quality of artisans and for failure to pay wages. Guilds, comparable in organization to present-day unions were to be given concessions by the state.

It was indicated that there should be Arbitration and Conciliation Boards, for the settlement of strikes, for repressing tyrannies of employers and for contract fulfilments by employees. The state was even to undertake action in certain instances to prevent lower bracket workers from being deprived of their wages by curbing local gambling and liquor establishments, and betting on sports.

The state was to assume the general duty to provide "subsistance for those who could not make a living"; thus the people would be able to "anticipate the hour of sickness and incapacity without anxiety" and face old age with confidence.

A point of great political importance was indicated in that in the case of national calamities, the state after doing all that is in its power, is directed by Kautilya, to distribute the hoarded income of the rich among the distressed population. Thus the policy of thinning the rich by excessive taxation was not unknown and was to be resorted to in the extreme case.

Village Republics

The local areas—the village communities—were to have a degree of self-government. In fact Kautilya, in the Indian tradition, wanted then to continue their local autonomy. They were to constitute a number of little republics with certain immunities from central governmental interefference.

The police systems are advocated by Kautilya to protect the kingdom. He advocates a system of watching the conduct of the subjects, as well as the officials and to punish those guilty—this will "tend to prevent quarrels between subjects, oppression by officers and courtiers, and seditious propaganda." The institution of espionage is mentioned as "the life blood of the government", a means to "ascertain the purity or impurity in the conduct of all subjects", sounds like the secret police of the modern era. There is a very close parallel here between Machiavelli, Shang Yang and Kautilya.

In discussing the important functions of the state in Foreign Affairs, the 'Arthasastra', discusses such a variety of things as the nature of alliances, neutrality, concluding treaties and of proclaiming war. A six-fold method of policy is described as, Entente, War, Equilibrium (power ballance), Expedition (invading forces, armies and fifth columns), the Alliance, and Double Relations (playing one against another). Kautilya justifies war for security whereas Shang Yang used war to control his own population, as did Machiavelli who said that "war is the health of the state." Several books of the 'Arthasastra' are devoted to the organisations of war—infantry, cavalry, methods of sieges, fortifications, even descriptions of a sort of Red Cross. There are descriptions of elaborate spy systems, cold blooded estimates of enemies' arms and economical resources. Various methods are described in order to proceed against stronger enemies, such as sowing discord between allies, for alliances, political assassinations and all such as would outdo the tactics of Hitler(even to the employment of wizardry).

A very interesting section is devoted to the various methods of conquering a people, and there is a general discussion on handling a conquered country. The destruction of the reputations of the ousted governments, if stressed, sounds almost like the charges of 'crimes against humanity' made at the Nuremburg Trials. There are discussions of the attitude of a conquered people, which are very interesting to meditate on in reference to Germany and Japan.

It might appear that Kautilya was an unreasonable man, I rather doubt this, but even if that mere so, I think it is as Bernard Shaw said 'via' his John Tanner, "the reasonable man conforms to the world. The unreasonable man expects the world to conform to him. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man". Certainly Kautilya made his world conform to his ideas, and it resulted in a unity of India, which resulted in innumerable benefits to the whole of humanity.

The 'Arthasastra' presents the organization and policies for a total state—but a state with an ideal, ethical ideal, for the benefit of the society. Who knows whether his way was right or wrong for as Xenophanes said, "the certain truth there is no man who knows nor ever shall be, about the gods and all the things whereof I speak. Yea, even if a man should chance to say something utterly right still he himself knows it not—there is nowhere anything but guessing." Kautilya's was no creed of pessimism, nor of shadowy unrealities, but a faith in life with a prospect of a brilliant future for a good done in the present.

Certainly for every student of political thought, he should be a required subject of investigation. For he provides a rich wealth of cultural background of India, a fascinating ground of material from comparative political viewpoint, as well as in the scope of public administration, and lastly his thoughts on unifying society, its problems and his solutions is very appropriate for study in an atomic era—his is a living spirit.

Gerhard Eisler (hand in pocket), who fled from the United States, was among the delegates to the Parliament of the East German Democratic Republic.

What I Think Of U.N.O.

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(Continued from Page 11)

as fact that we have military superiority. It will not be enough to prove our economic superiority. We are going to have to persuade the Russians and their friends that compromise is not only desirable but quite possible, and that it has to be reached. We must somehow convince them—and the most stubborn on our own side—that their ideology and ours can live in the world together without open conflict.

Finally, if democracy—and the blessings of it both as a way of government and a way of life—are going to win this contest for the support of the peoples of the world, we must have moral conviction and spiritual leadership. That is the challenge to America today. That is the challenge that we face in strengthening and making the United Nations work as a whole. Those are the standards that we set ourselves and, in the interest of the future, those are the standards by which we must live.—B.B.P.A.

A LANDING ON THE MOON

Artist R. A. Smith explains his conception of a visit to the moon at Interplanetary Society meeting in London. His drawing shows his conception of what it will be like on landing on the moon.

CONQUEST OF DISEASE, DIRT AND POVERTY

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(Continued from Page 3)

larly freedom of speech and freedom of travel.

But I think we could do with a less freedom to spread disease and dirt. That sort of freedom is too like the freedom to drive on either side of the road. If every housewife realised that each open coal fire is a source of smuts on her laundry, she would be willing to give up the right to such a fire on her own hearth.

As for the abolition of poverty, I think poverty can be abolished by the application of scientific method. And I think Marxism is just scientific method applied to human economic affairs. I don't think mere increase in productive efficiency will cure poverty. The United States produce a lot more per head than we do. But the poverty in some of their southern rural areas is worse than anything in Britain, and I think that even in New York one can find slums as bad as any in London, or even Glasgow. Neither do I mean that we should copy the Soviet Union in every detail, though we can learn a lot from it. At the present moment I think we could learn a great deal from Czechoslovakia which is attacking poverty—and wealth—in a big way. We have made very great steps in the fight against poverty in the last few years. But I do not see how we can keep this fight without applying science to production far more than we are doing now.

FRENCH WAGE WAR WITH TORTURE

Eye-Witness On Atrocities In Viet-Nam

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THE following extracts from a long account published in the 'Les Temps Moderns', the review edited by Jean-Paul Sartre, give a glimpse of the tragedy which has been going on for the past four years in Viet-Nam. So far, with the tacit connivance or owing to the irresponsible apathy of the United Nations' Organisation the French Government has been successful in concealing from the world at large the ferocity of a war of re-conquest which they have covered up by a strict censorship and by modestly calling it "an internal affair," writes Patrick P. Michael in the "Left".

These pictures of the "the forgotten war," as an eminent British journalist recently called it, will perhaps find their way to the conscience of a world too preoccupied with its own problems to give a thought to these monstrous projections of "Western Civilisations," and the reactions they evoke in the minds and hearts of the millions of Asia. But Asia is no longer submissive...

...CAME THE EVENING. Around the warehouses of the port, sentries were on duty in pairs. They confided to us that they did not feel particularly safe each night, several of their number were stabbled in the back.

Very soon we were dispatched to the interior of Cochin-China. I was attached to an artillery unit—in which in fact, everyone served as an infantryman. After about three months, we were considered "trained," and were sent to the post of Chanh Lu, where, it appeared, those who had been there before us had been doing "good work." Here I met a friend with whom I had made the journey from Europe: he was just leaving, and told me in confidence that the local commanding officer was a bloodthirsty being who would occasionally compel his men to "take a personal hand in the matter." The most recent feat was the hanging of two female prisoners—mother and daughter —by their feet, nude, and torturing them by electricity with a contract in the mouth and another in another part of the body, until they died. Other things they did to them, of which my friend would not tell me.

I was inclined to think that he had exaggerated. But when we took over the post, it did not take me long to discover a spot where, in a space of a dozen square yards, human bones half protruded from the earth..... The stench was unbearable. It was the ossuary into which our predecessors had thrown the bodies of the natives they had "questioned." Thus was I faced with the realities of the Indo-China war.

Afterwards, I was to be shifted to many another post, but the principle remained the same everywhere and is the same over the whole country.

No Control Over Interior

Of the country we hold only the scattered posts in the interior, and the large towns, because even in the parts where we were supposed to be in control, the rebels freely organise their administration, in the forests.

The task assigned to us could be summed up in two words indefinitely repeated: guards, patrols, guards, patrols... Practically every night we had to be on guard for long feverish hours, unless we were commanded to go on patrol in the black depths of the treacherous forests and across the flooded rice-fields where mud would swallow us up to the thighs. For interminable kilometres, thus did we go in search of rebels...

The rain, icy at night, and the intolerable heat of the day, were never taken into consideration by our captain, who counted for nothing the tropical conditions and their exceptional hardship for Europeans. To cheer us up he had no better words than "scum," "idiots", "swine."

The main part of our patrol work consisted of arresting natives, on the roads, in the forests, or even in the villages, in their thatched houses, at dead of night. That is why the captain always made us take ropes along with us. Most of the time, we had to capture young and middle-aged men, but often also it was old men and women, and children... sometimes whole families—at the same time confiscating all their rice, their money (if they had any) and what little property they possessed. To crown it all, we destroyed all that we could not take away, and set fire to the houses.

Why the arrest? It was simply because these people were suspected of knowing where the men of the Viet-Minh were hiding. Once inside the camp, the prisoners were thrown into a pit, sometimes with their arms and legs bound, and were kept there for weeks on end. The captain would have them out one after the other to "interrogate" them at his leisure. During these questionings, cries would rise from the "question" chamber; it was the captain presiding in person over the sittings, assisted by a native known for his ferocity. And we knew that "the knotted cord" and electricity were the mildest means of making prisoners "talk". But very often they would die under the tortures without breathing a word.

Torture Chamber

The treatment meted out to the prisoners was in no way peculiar to our camp. Practically every French military post in Indo-China has its chamber of torture, the size of which varies according to whether it is local, regional, or provincial. In the laboratories of the rubber plantations of Lai-Khe, an inflated, trigger-happy lieutenant briskly set himself up as an executioner, and installed a question chamber into which we were forbidden to enter. At Bencat, the only western-style house, an attractive residence, is the "questioning centre" of the district; a colonel presides over it, and the natives talk of it with terror; every now and again, we had to send there the prisoners whom our captain had not succeeded in making talk: none of them was ever seen again.

The Bencat prison being too small to contain all who were brought there, twenty or thirty prisoners were led to the bank of the river each evening, and beheaded with a sabre, Japanese fashion: after that, their bodies were thrown into the water. They generally died very bravely. They would kneel down, with hands behind their backs, and bend their heads, waiting for the fatal stroke.

The executioner, a very thin Frenchman, who had become half-mad during the six months that he had been discharging the task, loudly boasted of taking part, inside the bungalow, in the "seances de torture" during which they would burn the soles of the feet of certain prisoners with candles, or plunge lighted cigarettes into their ears, and other things....

With many people the desire to torture has become an irrepressible urge. An officer of the 11/41e R.A.C. (Regiment d'Artillerie Coloniale) confided one day to those around him: **"As to me, when I've started striking, I just can't stop... I must go on striking until they snuff it!"**

I remember a man accused of knowing the site of a Viet-Minh camp in the forest... For several days, under the blows of the captain, he had refused to talk... And then suddenly we learned that he had "confessed," and would take us that same night to the famous camp... The night came. We were taken by lorry about ten miles from our post; we jumped down, and soon, in a file, we sank into the undergrowth...

Endlessly we crossed glades and marshes, the prisoner walking in front. Hard upon his heels came a soldier holding a cord which tied the prisoner's hands behind his back. The captain came third: now and again he would stop, while we were filing past as silently as we could, and rain blows upon us with his fists and the butts of the sub-machine-guns. Just a bit of his...

Meanwhile, the prisoner no longer seemed to know where to lead us. We had been walking for several hours already, and had doubled back many times. At last, we reached a clearing with some vestiges of thatched-huts. That was all the prisoner knew of the Viet-Minh camp.

Then, the captain took a decision. He had promised death to the prisoner if he did not show the camp. He had him kneel on the bank of the singing brook nearby, then: "Go ahead!" he commanded a N.C.O.

A few seconds passed... A burst of gun-fire. A rattle of death. The rattle went on... A second salvo rang out. The rattle ebbed, then rose again, louder than before.

We heard: "Blast..."

There was a third salvo... That was the end.

A few days later, giving grave signs of physical and nervous exhaustion, I was evacuated to the Noaille de Gorce hospital, in Saigon, where I immediately submerged in atrocious pains on my right temple. Soon after, I sank into a delirium near to death.

...I learnt from the comrades of my unit that during my illness, guerrilla warfare had become even harsher. The Viet-Minh were now much better trained than a year earlier, and possessed Lewis guns, machine-guns, mortars, everything they needed. In addition, they profited by the active assisance of numerous deserters from the French Army who, ever since the beginning of this war of reconquest, in the latter part of 1945, have gone over on their side. Most of these are Legionaries—French, Germans, Italiaons, Russians, etc... who, disgusted with the way they were being treated, threw themselves into the arms of those who promised them an ideal.

"PERMANENT FIXTURE?"

Crawford in The Newark News.

Atrocities Continue

...Since my return from nospital, I have found that the old "practices" have not changed. On the contrary and if, often, at night, drunken soldiers pursue one another or threaten one another with loaded arms, it is because here, gradually, everyone becomes mad.

The commander of the small post of Loc-Ninth illustrates by his talk the state of mind which has come over so many of our companions: he loudly boasts of one of his exploits: to get a native to speak, he had him lie down on a blazing fire. When his belly was completely charred, the native just died. But he had not opened his lips.

At the Chon-Thanh post, where, on the bamboo spikes of the fence, some had stuck heads which they had cut off, three natives had been arrested and locked up. They were suspected of being Viet-Minh. Suddenly, for fun, a soldier slipped into the room where they were, and started speading petrol all over the place. Then he set fire to it, and the three poor devils, soon enveloped in flames, jumped out of the room, writhing with pain... The officers laughed heartily.

When I saw the three wretched men at the commanding post of the group, their bodies, from their eyes down to their feet, were already ghastly purulent sores.

The voracious white maggots had covered them, and had started devouring them alive. They were left in that condition four or five days, without being attended to; whereafter they died.

What was being perpetrated daily around us did not seem to make any impression on the Roman Catholic chaplain of the 11/41e R.A.C. One day, as I spoke to him of the horror which all those practices inspired in me, he replied:

"But what on earth did you come to this country for, then? And should have known that with these Annamites, it's no good being sensitive. They only understand blows!..."

Empty-Handed

On the homeward-bound ship, I told a sailor of my surprise that we were being subjected to such a heavy pitching and rolling:

"No wonder!" he said, "the holds are empty."

"The holds are empty?" I insisted, rather stunned. "But why didn't they pack them with rice, for instance?"

"No."

"But why?"

A sombre look came over him, and the seaman explained to me:

"All that is no accident. With all the ships returning from Madagascar and A.O.F. (French West Africa), same thing. We aren't taking anything home."

As a matter of fact on visiting the liner, I found that, apart from the soldiers who were being repatriated, the few civilians, the crew and ..the personal belongings of that small community, the ship was taking back nothing to the metropolis. Nothing, not an ounce of those precious commodities which one might have expected would be yielded by the heavy taxes paid by the French people for the war in Indo-China, and the thousands of lives which had been sacrificed.

ABDICATION

There being a shortage of accommodation in Bonn, Bizonia, the North-Rhine-Westphalia "Land Government" hired a boat from a Rhine steamship company, to use as a hotel for delegates to the Bonn "Parliament". All went well till it was noticed that the ship's name was "Kaiser Wilhelm". The company offered to change it for one named "Bismarck", but this was felt to be no improvement, so the "Kaiser" stays, with its name painted out.

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TOP SECRET

"Mr. W. Manning Dacey, Economic Adviser to Lloyds Bank, mentioned that it had been said that during the recent Paris negotiations on the renewal of the Intra-European payments scheme, the cables sent home by the British delegations become so incomprehensible, even to the experts in London, that one of the delegates had to be sent home to interpret them."
—STAR, London.

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"THIS HURTS ME MORE THAN IT DOES YOU..."

Mrs. Bernice Clark, of Berkeley, California, has five stitches in her spanking hand—her three-year-old son put a pair of scissors in his back pocket for protection.

RED SCARE STILL HAUNTS JAPS

Reliance On Occupation Authority Explained

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By WILLIAM R. MATHEWS

THE outstanding contrast between Japan and other places in the Orient like Indonesia, China and the Philippines is the obvious law and order that prevails, and the industry of the Japanese people. Life is safe and the people are hard at work—rebuilding their badly damaged cities, restoring those industries occupation authorities permit, and cultivating every inch of ground that might grow a bit of food.

We Americans scarcely realize how devastating was our conquest from the air. We sank nearly every ship, large and small, that the Japanese had. We destroyed much of Japan's industrial potential. And we have deprived her of her former breadbaskets in Formosa and Manchuria and restricted her fishing grounds in the Pacific.

American occupation authorities and the Japanese are working together cordially to make the nation self-sustaining. I have yet to hear one expression of bitterness from any Japanese. I have yet to hear one word of complaint about Japanese conduct from American officials.

"You conquered us," one Japanese editor explained to me, "and as conquerors you had a right to do as you please with us We never expected to be treated with so much consideration. We are deeply appreciative of the way you have helped us."

From points as far apart as Nagasaki, Fukuoka, Hiroshima, Kyoto and Tokyo, the same answer has been made to my questions about the role of the American occupation forces. The Japanese do not seem to take it as a disgrace to get licked by the United States, and we have more than lived up to their expectations in the generosity of our treatment.

Although some Japanese would like to see more responsibility shifted to the people and the Jap Government, every Japanese I talked with was emphatic in wanting the military occupation to continue indefinitely. One man who was urged to make any complaint he had, reluctantly admitted, "I don't like your military occupation; no people of any country does." But he quickly added, "we need the army of occupation to protect us from Communism. We want it to stay some years—just how long we do not know, but we need it for security."

Every Japanese I asked confirmed just as emphatically the need of the army of occupation as a protection from some one outside of Japan, rather than from within Japan.

As for the role of the American Military Government, I got varying answers. No one wanted it brought to an end at an early date. Most thought it could relax more of its controls, and let the Japanese carry on their work, as distinguished from policy in a way to encourage more Japanese initiative and productiveness. They questioned the wisdom of some American officers in marketing silk and other things typically Japanese and in setting prices that restricted markets. But there was no bitterness in these complaints.

Technical Aid Welcomed

One editor lauded the natural resources section of the American Military Government, which furnishes some of the best scientific and technical advice in the world to the Japanese.

"We need its help. You see, our scientists and industrial managers have been out of touch with the world for ten years. We have fallen far behind in modern developments. Your scientists and industrial managers and technicians are teaching us much about developing our resources and improving our methods."

There is perhaps nothing the Japanese admire more than American scientists and industrial technicians. To them such men are the symbol of American power and life. And they are doing much to improve Japanese methods, from using everything in the whale except the spout, down to better coal mining, wiser timber cutting and reforestation and countless better factory methods.

The Japanese realize that this help is vital to the future of Japan. They have the job of living off four small islands inhabited by 81,500,000 people (increasing now at the rate of 1,500,000 per year, due in part of better health methods imposed by the Military Government' where less than 16 per cent of the area can be cultivated, and where mineral resources are comparatively negligible.

Despite the desperate handicaps of their war impoverishment, and the mouths they will have to feed in the future, the Japanese are hard at work. They apparently see that for many years to come their fate will be in the hands of one or the other of the two great powers. That they want to cast their fate with America is shown by the way they work harmoniously with the American occupation authorities.

Need Of Trade Outlet

IF the American people will allow the Japanese to sell the products of their toil, the American taxpayer can by 1952 be saved the dol 500,000,000 that is now subsidizing Japan. Lt.-Col. Hubert G. Schenck, Chief of the Natural Resources Section of the American Military Government, is the authority for that statement.

Along with political has gone a positive programme to encourage industrial and agricultural production. In the matter of redistribution of land, its purchase from holders of large tracts began March 31, 1947, and as of March 2, 1949, a total of 5,121,208 acres had been acquired. Of this total, by March 31, 1949, a total of 4,622,493 acres have been resold to former tenants. Only 498,715 acres remain for resale. The original holders have been repaid in bonds, which are now being paid off in instalments by the new owners

The de-cartelization of industry has been carried out so vigorously that that programme is now being liquidated. The few big holding companies that owned and controlled so much of Japanese industry have been broken up. Interlocking directorates have been forbidden.

Dr. Sherwood M. Fine, Director of Economics and Finance for the Military Government, says that if the 1930-34 production level in Japan is taken as a base, production has risen from an index figure of 18 to 69. Textile production has risen from virtually nothing to 25. Coal output has risen from 500,000 tons in November, 1945, to the recent monthly average of more than 3,000,000 tons.

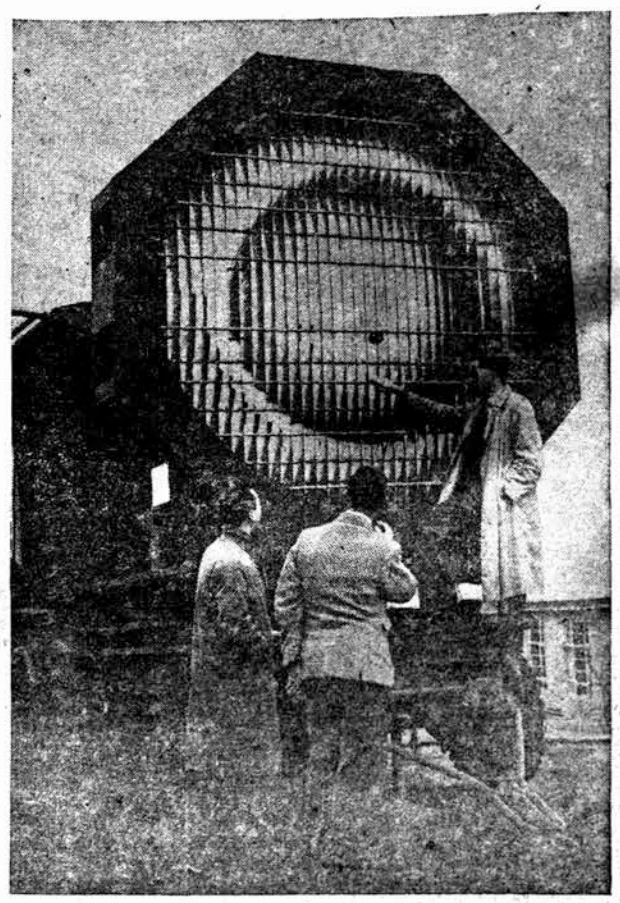
Japan's exports have been moving steadily upward. From a total value of dol. 176,000,000 in 1947, they have risen to an estimated dol 525,000,000 for 1949. The industrial index is expected to reach 85 by the end of this year. But it will need to rise to 135 if Japan is to be made self-sustaining.

It is this problem that will hit the American taxpayer, the American business man and the American Congressman between the eyes. Japan will have to make enormous increases in her sales of textiles, silk, pottery and chinaware in order to pay her own way. If she is not allowed to sell her products in the markets of the world, we Americans will have the job of paying at least dol 500,000,000 a year just to keep her people alive. It is costing us dol 1,000,000 a day for food alone.

Dr. Fine says that, using October, 1948, prices, Japanese merchandise exports will have to reach dol 1,325,000,000, plus an additional dol 175,000,000 to pay for invisible items. To secure this annual volume of dol 1,500,000,000, Japan will have to increase her exports approximately three times above this year's record total of dol 525,000,000.

As work towards this goal get under way, numerous American businesses are already beginning to complain about Japanese competition. As usual we Americans want to do the selling, but not the buying. But the fact remains that Japan can pay her way and is willing to pay her way if we let her sell the products of the toil of her people.

Meanwhile, under the orders of the American Military Government, the Japanese Government faces the unpleasant task of balancing the national budget and imposing a programme of austerity upon Japanese life. At the same time it is furnishing some of the best scientific and industrial advice in order to increase Japan's productivity.



Britain showed some of its teeth at the Malvern Research and Development Exhibition by a new experimental Radar Lens, with scanning properties. It has a beam swing up to 36 deg. and a lens aperture of 8 feet.

Picture taken during the United Nations General Assembly shows Russia's Andrei Vishinsky extending his hand to Czech representative, Dr. Vladimir Clementis.

WHEN HUBBY IS 8'-7"

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(Continued from page 5)

Thompson plans to send for their specially made furniture, including a 400-pound bed and mammoth easy chair, so her king-size poppa can be comfortable while he bones up on admission to the Oregon bar. An attorney, he practised in Wisconsin before moving to California, and is just the right size to impress the toughest jury.

The Thompsons try to live as normal a life as possible, but, Mrs. Thompson admits, there are certain problems: For example, she is unable to even see out of the specially-fitted interior of their car, and in case of an emergency can drive only by sitting on top of a hat-box—and she's a normal 5 foot 6.

Too, she has to handle all telephone calls involving a phone booth, because her husband so frequently became stuck, and the only really satisfactory bathtub they ever had was a wallow-sized affair given Thompson by a law professor who told his student he wanted to be sure he "came to court with clean hands".

Thompson is healthy, and, his wife says, likes everything in the world to eat, particularly two-pound steaks—as who doesn't. She admits moving to a new town is sometimes a little nerve-racking until people become used to seeing the 460-pound Thompson, but says once the novelty wears off they can live comparatively peacefully.

A thoroughly affable gent, Thompson long ago became used to stopping traffic, once took a turn with a circus and never loses his temper, no matter how many times he's asked if he always ate his greens as a little boy.

THE TANGLED WEB

(Continued from Page 4)

finite purpose when he dashed against Ashok. The latter now glared at him ferociously.

"Stop prowling about the house," he grumbled, and walked away swiftly, leaving Dilip staring after him dumbfounded.

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Two years later little Raj was born. To Meena it was like the glory of a dawn after darkness, bringing with it the splendour of a new day of hope and sunshine. Her heart awakened and thrilled to it, pulsating with the excitement of delightful anticipation. The long, unending trail of silent suffering, with which time had marked its passage for her, now began to lose its course in the green verdure of fresh interests and new desires. From that remote and far away day when Ashok's cruelty and indifference had finally culminated in the full horror of the moment when he had struck her, she had refrained from all reproaches about Sarla. And each passing day had seen them drifting apart further from each other while every passing hour left between them a deep and vast gulf impossible to bridge. And though Meena remained lonely and neglected, she did not strive to repair the rift between them, for her love for him by now had turned into a bitter hatred. She loathed and despised him with as much intense hatred as once she had loved him with a devouring and an all-consuming passion. Ashok in his own turn fanned the flames of her antipathy by mercilessly pricking her heart with barbed arrows of biting sarcasm till she squirmed in the anguish of her soul.

Thus they lived on in an atmosphere charged with fear and hate, caught in the cross-currents of their vile conflict, till little Raj was born. Then everything changed. In Raj, Meena found someone to cherish, fondle and thrive on, someone on whom she could bestow all the garnered up love and affection of her heart. A gushing warmth of tenderness began to pervade her whole being and the years of loneliness and suffering melted away. Holding little Raj close to her bosom was a happiness she had never hoped to experience.

But the birth of Raj was a memorable epoch in Ashok's life. A man incapable of harbouring in his heart any soft and tender feelings was suddenly and surprisingly found to love Raj deeply and sincerely. He was a man of extreme emotions, capable of a strong, genuine passion as he was of intense cruelty. Hence the devotion for Raj had a firm and deep root in his heart.

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The first time that he ever revealed any tokens of fondness and affection for Raj, Meena was lying in a state of coma, intermittently sleeping and waking up. It was during those few moments when she fell into a drowsy slumber that Ashok entered the room. He walked quietly upto the bed, treading as softly as he could. Little Raj lay cuddled up beside Meena, twisting and turning his tiny hands and legs in a queer manner and wriggling his small body. Restlessly Meena opened her eyes slowly, heavy with sleep. Ashok's presence in the room startled her to complete wakefulness. She could not restrain an exclamation of surprise at the unusual change in the expression of his face. The fixed look of insolence and derision had completely vanished. His hard, granite face had softened and was surprisingly pleasant and gentle as he stood with his gaze fastened on Raj. Deep adoration was evident on his face. A tender smile hovered round his lips instead of the constant cynical sneer. His eyes held a subdued glow of joy in place of the usual gleam of ridicule. Meena stared at him in sheer amazement.

He was so fully engrossed in his admiring contemplation of Raj that he seemed completely indifferent to his surroundings and quite delivious of Meena's presence. Even the unrestrained expletive which so involuntarily escaped her remained unheeded by him. Raj seemed to have suddenly conquered him. He sat down awkwardly on the edge of the bed and began to tickle Raj playfully. The child clutched his finger within its tiny palm and immediately started to suck it with immense relish. Meena removed it gently from his mouth.

"It is unhealthy for the child", she said and taking the little mite in her arms began to rock it to sleep.

"He is extremely good-looking", Ashok commented after a while, "he has taken after you in that respect."

Meena gave him a cold look.

"And I hope that in other respects too he takes after me and not you."

"Cant you restrain being nasty at least on this occasion?" he snapped.

Meena gave a low mirthless laugh.

"What's so funny about what I have said?" he growled.

"Imagine 'you' telling 'me' not to be nasty", she retorted, "I believe Raj is making you sentimental."

Her mocking tones irritated him beyond endurance and for an instant he lost his temper.

"If you did not have Raj in your arms I would have...."

"Oh shut up", she interrupted him fiercely, "you will wake up the child."

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Ashok checked himself and his anger subsided immediately at the mention of disturbing Raj. He relapsed into a moody silence, while Meena got up from the bed and laid the peacefully slumbering child in its small cot besides her bed. While she was tucking him in, Ashok came over to her.

"Now look here Meena", he said with grim determination, "for the sake of our child let us try and be civil and refrain from hitting out at each other with sarcasm and hot words. I do not want Raj to be brought up in a home where there is discord and disharmony. I wish his life to be a happy one. I want to give my son the best that life can offer."

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And Ashok was true to his words. Raj's slightest wish was a command for him. He delighted in catering to all his whims and caprices and fulfilling his least wants and requirements. He pampered and spoiled him. Spent money recklessly on him. Bought things for him from which Raj's yet childish nature could not derive any pleasure. On one occasion when Raj with the obstinacy of a pampered child insisted on buying a gold watch that he had seen, Ashok purchased it. It was a costly watch worth over a hundred rupees. Within two days Raj had smashed it to pieces. At such times Meena warned him about his lavish expenditure and the ruinous effect all this would have on Raj's character and upbringing. But Ashok turned a deaf ear. His love for Raj was a wonderful phenomenon. Raj himself began to show an equal amount of fondness and devotion for his father. Every evening he eagerly awaited Ashok's return home. He would merrily clamber up to his father's knees and for hours sit on his lap, listening with awe and wonder to Ashok's picturesque description of all the different places they would visit and all the fun and frolic they would have when Raj grew a little older.

"Daddy when are we going to all those big and wonderful places?" the little one would lisp when Ashok fired his boyish imagination.

"Pretty soon when my Raj becomes a little man", he would answer ruffling his curly hair. He could not bear to see a shadow across his face or watch his fair brow clouded with disappointment or sorrow. Often in the middle of the night he got up from his sleep to look at Raj.

Meena looked on this strong tie between father and son first with surprise and then with triumph and self-satisfaction. But once she had to a certain extent lost her sense of gratification. That was when she discovered that Ashok had taken Raj to see Sarla. The little fellow had returned home and expressed his admiration for aunty Sarla, as he called her, in glowing terms. For the first time then in many long months she had suffered an excruciating pang of jealousy. She did not, however, upbraid Ashok for that. She knew by now the utter futility of reasoning with him or accusing him. She just waited and abided her time.

In a dazed stupor he saw them draw apart.

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On a damp and cheerless July evening Sarla waited for Ashok. She glanced up at the clock and saw that it still wanted ten minutes to six. She was certain that Ashok would come punctually at six despite the heavy rain since morning. She was seated stiff and upright on an armchair, her hands resting on its arms and her knitting box lying unopened in her lap. Each fleeting thought, as it was chased away by another, was reflected in the varied change of expression on her face. An enchanting smile would light up her face with some dearly beloved memory. This would suddenly disappear and a melancholy and brooding look would appear in its place. There was a subtle charm about her. It was not the appeal of form or figure or the loveliness of a beautiful face, but some inner allure that imparted to her each and every gesture and movement a sort of vivacity and zest. Her body was delicate and petite and she wore her dark hair in a big plait that reached down to her knees. In a while she heard the sound of footsteps on the landing and before Ashok could ring the bell she opened the door. He stood framed big and tall in the doorway as he removed the raincoat.

"Here give it to me", said Sarla as he came in. She took it from him and placed it on the rack nearby while he went and sat down on the armchair. He looked at her appreciatively as she walked towards him with easy, graceful undulations of her soft, supple body.

"What a rotton weather," he said as Sarla came and sat down facing him. She did not reply.

"How is Raj"? she asked after sometime.

"Oh he is fine", he answered, "he is getting taller and more handsome every day. Had it not been raining I would have brought him with me."

Sarla picked up her knitting box and opened it.

"Tomorrow is his sixth birthday isn't it?" she inquired.

"Yes."

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A silence fell between them, unbroken save for the slow ticking of the clock on the wall. Sarla's head was bent low over her work, her fingers moving deftly and dexterously over her knitting. Ashok began to fret uneasily. He looked steadily at Sarla, trying to probe her thoughts. Then he could contain himself no longer.

"What's the matter? You are not your usual bright self today."

"I was thinking."

"And what were you thinking about?"

"Oh many things. You and I and Meena and also Raj."

Ashok stirred uncomfortably in his chair. Sarla stopped her knitting and crossed over to the back of his chair. She twined her hands tenderly round his neck and rested her face lovingly on his head.

"I have arrived at a very grave decision Ashok", she whispered softly.

"And what is that decision?"

Sarla tightened her hands more firmly round him.

"I have decided that the time has come now when you and I should go our separate ways."

It seemed as if his heart stopped beating for an instant and that time itself stood still. He felt momentarily an agonising pain as if someone had jabbed a knife into his heart and twisted it ruthlessly. For a few seconds he remained seated still and quiet. Then he turned round on her violently and caught her in his arms so roughly that she cried out in pain.

"You are a fine one to talk about going our different ways after ten years of the closest intimacy", he breathed passionately, drawing her face nearer to his, while he held her close in a vice-like embrace. She wriggled helplessly in his arms.

"Let me go, you are hurting me", she cried, and with a final desperate wrench she pulled herself free and stood chocing and gasping for breath.

Ashok's tide of passion receded at once carrying away in its ebb his ferocity and leaving him confused.

"I am sorry," he apologised in grudging tones, "I do not know what came over me."

Sarla deigned no reply but went and sat down.

"I love you dearly Sarla, that is why I suddenly lost control of myself when you told me that you had decided to go away".

Sarla gave him a contemptuous look.

"Love indeed. You have never loved anyone but your own selfish, conceited self," she replied with a vehemence and bitterness quite unusual in her.

"You know that is not true", he protested weakly, "all these years ought to have proved that to you".

"They have at least proved to me one thing", she murmured in a strained voice, "they have proved to me how wrong we have been all these years to live the way we have been doing. They have brought home to me my shame, folly and degradation".

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Except for the pale and gaunt expression of her face there was no other

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THE TANGLED WEB

(Continued from page 29)

token of grief and suffering evident in Sarla's attitude.

For the first time in his life Ashok seemed touched by the sorrow of someone else.

"My darling is it folly and degradation to love?" he asked kindly.

Sarla's face flushed angrily.

"Do you call this low and sordid affair between us love?" she asked fiercely. "How can this thing be love that has agony in its tenderness and suffering in its passion. Every single moment between us has been snared by me in shame and self-reproach instead of in joy and ecstacy. Each second of desire had evil casting its shadow over it. And all because you wished to marry Meena's millions instead of the woman that you claim you love. At least be honest with me".

Ashok winced under the lash of her just reproach.

"You are not being fair", he replied trying to justify himself, "if you had desired you could have broken off our relations after I married Meena". There was an enigmatical but sweet smile on Sarla's lips.

"With all your worldliness you really know very little about women", she said and her voice had lost its sharp and bitter edge. You do not know that a woman will do anything for the man she loves stoop to any low and vile deed for him. A women in love is like steel in the fire. When it is sufficienty hot you can bend it to any shape you like. And man generally twists a woman into a very ugly shape I ought to know that well".

Ashok's face darkened angrily.

"Since you considered me bad enough to have made you as vile as myself why did you tolerate and love me for so many years?"

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Sarla rested her head against the back of her chair and a wistful, ruminating expression came over the face.

"I do not know why I love you, because a woman's love cannot be explained at times" she answered in a voice that sounded like a soft, caressing breeze rustling through the leaves. "Sometimes it may be a sweet smile, the way his hair curls, the look of passion in his eyes or the way he blinks them. It may be any of these or other things about him that may captivate a woman. It is a profound and a wonderful mystery. And perhaps because it is such a strange mystery it is so everlasting. I do not know. A woman under the influence of love is very weak and foolish and I also have been the same. That weakness deprived a woman of her husband, now I do not wish that it should deprive a son of his father, more so since I love that son as my own. That is why we should part. Let this be my birthday present for Raj".

Ashok stood staring at her unable to think of anything in reply. Her words had a ring of sincerity and earnestness to which there could possibly be no reply. Sarla gave him a serene look of calm confidence.

"Don't you think that we owe this much to Raj?" she asked.

Ashok maintained a sullen silence.

"You love Raj a great deal don't you?" she persisted.

Ashok nodded.

"There is nothing in the whole wide world that I would not do for him", he said passionately.

"Then we must do this for him", she replied smilingly, "when he grows up and discovers the relationship between us, he will depise both you and me. And his contempt will change into hatred when he finds how much his mother suffered because of it".

Ashok made a vague gesture of protest but Sarla continued.

"Oh yes I know how Meena must have suffered, because I know how mean and cruel you can be. And when Raj grows up and finds out about all this you will have loved him in vain."

Ashok was stricken to the very core of his heart by the true and vivid picture that Sarla had drawn for him. She got up now and brought his raincoat and hat to him. Underneath her calm and cool exterior, Ashok could feel that Sarla was much stirred. He took the hat and coat from her silently and made a move to kiss her. She made a gesture of protest.

"No, no, it is better this way", she cried, her voice trembling with the feelings that she had so courageously controlled upto now. "If you touch me now I will loose my self-control. But before you leave I ask one thing of you. Don't let Raj ever know about us. I want him to remember me only as aunty Sarla, a simple, honest woman at whose house he ate chocolates and candies. I don't ever want him to know me as a wanton and a profligate, because to me he is my own son since he is a part of you. I always wanted a child from you".

Ashok could not bear the harrowing look on her face. He hurried towards the door and quickly let himself out. Sarla's eyes were dry with unshed tears and there was a glazed, vacant look in them. She was white and shaken with the terrible stress of her ordeal and stood looking at the door through which Ashok had left, her gaze seeming to scan a vast, long stretch of an empty, lonely life!

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It was night by the time Asnok returned home. He entered the house with a heavy heart and in a thoughful frame of mind. His interview with Sarla had shaken him to the very depth of his soul. Like an ivy extending itself further and longer with time, Sarla's companionship and understanding had sprouted their growth firmly round him twining and encompassing him closer to her. It had never occurred to him even as a most remote possibility that on some far away, distant day the shackles of their unholy union might be snapped asunder. He was too self-centered and mundane to ever conceive a disinterested love for Sarla, but he had become genuinely fond of her and his heart felt a slight pang of regret at losing her. It is probable that he might have missed her still more but for another thought that burned like a wildfire in his mind, throwing into a background of dark oblivion every other consideration. As he drove his car he murmured to himself that what had happened between Sarla and himself was for the best. He still had his Raj, the idol of his soul and the darling of his heart. He had let Sarla be sacrificed at the altar of his love for his son as he would sacrifice any and every other person and thing. He felt in his heart of heart that it was worth it. He would brook no obstacle in the way of his son's happiness. He would overcome all hurdles, cross all barriers and eliminate each and every thing that might stand in the way of his son's love and admiration of him. Sarla had been right when she had said with such full conviction that by persisting in prolonging their relationship, he would be jeopardising that very love and respect of Raj for him. With all these thoughts uppermost in his mind he entered the hall and closed the front door behind him. At that very moment Raj came tripping down the stairs. Ashok's brow cleared immediately at the sight of him as if some dark clouds had suddenly parted revealing the bright dazzle of a noonday sun. Raj was a blonde, curly lad, slightly and delicately built. He dashed upto Ashok with an eager delight and fond affection. Ashok knelt down as he reached him

"Why hello son, I expected you to be in bed at this time", he said putting his arms tenderly round him and drawing him close to himself. Raj nestled near him yawning slightly. He tilted his face sideways and looked at his father in his usual cute manner.

"I was, dad", he answered in sleepy tones, rubbing his eyes with his small knuckles, "I heard the sound of your car and came to wish you good-night".

His voice trailed off by the time he finished speaking and his tiny hands crept slowly round Ashok's neck, while his head drooped on his shoulders. His eyes closed instantly.

"Good-night son", Ashok murmured in soft, hushed tones and picking up the frail little child lightly in his strong, ample arms he carried him up to his room. He tucked him gently in the bed and stood looking at him, his face radiantly happy with the inner rapture of the deeply ingrained love of his son. He stooped and kissing Raj gingerly, he tiptoed out of the room, closing the door lightly after him.

Ashok had reached the head of the staircase and was about to start down when he heard the sound of the front door opening, followed by a gay laughter. He recognised the familiar merry note of his wife mingling with the deep, full-throated sound of a man's voice. He leaned a little to see who, it was and immediately recognised Dilip. He started down the stairs swiftly and had hardly reached half-way when he froze in his tracks at the sight that met his eyes. Meena and Dilip were standing near the door clinging to each other in a passionate embrace. Ashok stood stockstill paralyzed with a sudden shock of stupefaction. In a dazed stupor he saw them draw apart and watched Dilip depart. Meena closed the door after him and turned to mound the stairs. It was then that she saw Ashok. For an instant her self-possession deserted her completely, leaving her weak and unnerved with shame and fear. The blood drained from her face leaving it colourless and ghastly. Her eyes remained riveted on his face with the old forgotten awe of him fully roused and predominant over every other emotion at the moment. But this betrayal of her latent dread of him was only momentary. In a flash she was her usual self, cool and collected. With a self-assurance verging on insolence she began to mount the stairs. She had nearly passed Ashok when the latter was startled out of his death-like frigidity. He grabbed her and dragged her down the few steps that she had climbed.

"It is high time that we got a few things settled between us", he said pushing her roughly to a chair, she got up indignant and defiant.

"How dare you lay your hands on me you coward?" she shouted in boiling rage.

Ashok took a few menacing steps towards her. There was such a great deal of threat evident in his attitude that Meena was immediately subdued and sank back on the chair.

"Shut up and listen to me", he answered back fiercely, "I don't know how long Dilip has been your lover and I don't care. Anyway it makes us even. All that I desire is that you listen attentively to what I say and agree to my suggestion".

He stopped and looked keenly at her to see whether she was listening to him.

Meena in her turn gave him and indifferent glance.

"Well, go ahead, I am listening".

Ashok turned from her and lighted a cigarette.

"When I went to see Sarla today, she persuaded me to break off my relations with her," he said calmly, though he could not restrain a note of regret creeping into his voice, "she pointed out to me that it would be in the best interest of all of us. She gave me sufficient reasons for that and I was convinced. I came away with the firm determination of doing what Sarla had asked. But what I have seen just now gives a new complexion to the whole matter. Do you follow me?"

Meena nodded carelessly.

"Very well then", he continued throwing away his cigarette, "our present circumstances are such that it is impossible for us to live together in peace. This you will agree will have a very bad emotional effect on Raj. So what I suggest is that we get divorced. This will be easily possible because we have been joined together in civil marriage. You could then be free to do what you like of your life and I can marry Sarla."

He stopped speaking and looked at her for an answer. There was an unpleasant leer on Meena's face when she turned to look at him.

"And what about Raj? I suppose you would like to keep him with you".

"Yes, I would", he said with determination, "that is the only thing on which I insist; on every other matter I shall do as you wish and agree to all your demands. Raj would visit you quite often. You know how much I love him, that is why I wish to keep my son with me".

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A mocking, ironical laugh was the only response from Meena. Its sudden, wild outburst shocked and stunned Ashok.

"Your son indeed", she exclaimed derisively, "what makes you think that Raj is your son?"

Ashok did not reply but stood gaping at her like one demented, his mouth wide open and his eyes staring wildly out of their sockets. He made an effort to speak but his lips refused to form words for a time. Finally he managed to articulate.

"That's not true. You are lying to me. You just want to hurt me in your own devilish manner".

"I am not lying. Raj is not your son".

Meena uttered the words with a cruel relish, gloating over the terrible effect they had on Ashok. The latter's senses seemed to totter under the horrible blow of the revelation. It seemed to him that he was suddenly going mad. His brain throbbed painfully and there was a feeling of innumerable pins pricking it. His heart thumped violently followed by a tightening effect as if a brutul hand had clutched it and was squeezing it mercilessly.

Meena got up and went near him.

"You fool," she said pitilessly, "do you think you could ever give me a son like Raj? Your blind conceit and arrogance could not discern on his face a resemblance to Dilip."

Her voice sounded like a knell of doom in Ashok's ears.

"I dont know what I ever saw in you to love you so passionately as I once did," she continued relentlessly, "and yet I would have gone on loving you, but as surely as you struck me that day you destroyed every feeling of fondness or affection in my heart for you. You made me as rotton as yourself. You were so vile and degraded that you corrupted everything good and decent in others near to you. And so I gave myself to Dilip to avenge myself on you."

A cold dew had broken on Ashok's forehead and his face was wan and sallow.

Meena went on speaking, wallowing in her miserable triumph over him, striking to the very root of his heart ruthlessly with her words.

"But when I saw your dog-like devotion for Raj, I realised that a day would come when I could have my complete revenge on you. I was only waiting for the right time. I patiently waited for your love of Raj to go so deep down into your heart that when I told you the truth its deep root would tear your heart to shreds. I wanted you to feel in one single, blasting moment all the agony, torture and heartache that you have made me suffer for so many years. I schemed and planned for this moment when I could see you broken and crushed, a miserable, insignificant cur that you really are."

Ashok had sunk on a chair completely annihilated. His face was devoid of all life and animation. The ghastly expression of immobility suggested that he had put on a grim mask of death. Meena turned away from him and when she had reached the staircase she bent one last look of loathing and contempt on him as he sat on the chair in the bitter hour of his galling defeat, a glassy, demented look in his eyes. His cynical self-assurance was gone.

"Once before when you hit me you said that women were fools. I hope you have changed your opinion by now. You also told me then that we were even and repeated that a few minutes back. We were not even THEN but we are NOW."

Saying this she drew her gorgeous figure to its full height and walked up the stairs majestically!

THE END.

TING-A-LING

A man who had had one drink too many saw a sign: "Please ring the bell for the caretaker." He walked up and gave the bell such a pull that it nearly came out by the roots.

In a few minutes an angry man appeared at the door.

"Are you the caretaker?" asked the bell-puller.

"Yes. What do you want?"

"I saw the notice, so I rang the bell, I want to know why you can't ring it yourself."

He had persisted in calling on her, even though she had warned him of her father's decided opposition to boy friends. But the young man was getting desperate, and on this particular evening he had his plans cut and dried for an elopement.

Suddenly the door opened, and the room was flooded with light. The young couple turned and faced a glowering parent.

"Who are you?" he asked the young man through clenched teeth.

The latter gulped and turned pale.

"I'm her brother!" he blurted out at last.

"WHO, ME?"—A CARTOON INQUIRY INTO THE CAUSES OF INFLATION

(See bottom of page)

Modern Sherlock Holmes

Science Comes To The Rescue Of Scotland Yard In Tracking Criminals

The scientific detective has been undergoing his most searching test. In the annals of Scotland Yard there has never been such a murder hunt as that in the recent mysterious disappearances. The revelations, sensationalised in the daily press, showed a new and loathsome depth in horror. They provided problems never before posed to our scientific investigators, writes Lewis Broad in the "Courier"

Here, you may say, was a case for Sherlock Holmes. What scope for the display of ingenuity and powers of deduction of the massive brain of the man from Baker Street! Holmes is the person the man-in-the-street would plump for instinctively to solve a complicated and baffling mystery. Yet, it would not be the best choice. It would not even be fair to Holmes.

For all his skill, Sherlock Holmes would not be the best bet for the job today. We know his methods and they are half-a-century out of date. Our modern investigators are far ahead of anything he knew in the application of the processes of science to the pursuit of criminals. Holmes would need to undergo a refresher course at the Police College before he could hope to catch up with our scientific 'tecs

Holmes held an advantage in his day. The scientific side of detective work was in its infancy. Science was a comparatively new weapon for the police and, as such, it was mistrusted. But the men of the laboratory have long since proved themselves. The detectives know their worth and have come to rely on them. Scotland Yard is equipped with a modern laboratory. A team of scientists works in co-operation with the detectives in the solution of every case of difficulty.

Science Aids Detectives

Meet Dr. Holden, the Yard's man with the microscope. He needs an introduction for if you passed him in the street you would not be likely to pick him out in the crowd. This is no flamboyant Sherlock Holmes, but an unobstrusive man of slight build and scarcely average height. Most mornings you might see him between 9-30 and 10 o'clock making his way to his retreat at the Yard.

This is the man in charge of the scientific side of the recent investigations. His post is head of the Metropolitan Police Laboratory, a position to which he succeeded three years ago. He set out in life to be a scientist and why he took to crime is a psychological mystery, for a man of quieter tastes and habits it would be difficult to imagine. It is the inexplicable side of a character that combines with a professional interest in murder a taste for cricket, mountaineering and gardening

The recent cases broke awkwardly for Dr. Holden, caught him, as you might say, on the wrong foot. He had been in process of uprooting himself and his quarters. Formerly his scene of operations was at the Training Centre away from the hurly-burly of central London in the comparative quiet of Hendon. This was better suited to the needs of patient inquiry but its remoteness was the cause of delay.

The man with the microscope was needed on the spot at the Yard, so the order was given for the department to transfer itself to headquarters on the Embankment. It was a considerable moving job. The services of the laboratory had to be fully maintained while the transfer was carried out.

Before he was recruited for the Yard, Dr. Holden was Director of the East Midlands Regional Laboratory. There he was concerned in the inquiries into several notorious girl, including the murder of the Nottingham girl, Mona Tinsley, whose body was thrown into the River Trent.

Microscope Gives The Clue

Since he took over the department at the Yard his evidence has been instrumental in securing the conviction of a number of criminals. One was the gipsy who, at the Buckingham Assizes, was found guilty of the murder of a man of 71. The body was discovered in a stream not far from a gipsy encampment to which a suspect was traced. It was Dr. Holden's microscope that clinched the case against him. There was a hair in the dead man's fingernails that was similar to the gipsy's; metal particles on the gipsy's clothes were identical with particles on the victim's clothing; and bloodstains on the gipsy's trousers belonged to the same blood group as that of the victim. The evidence of the man with the microscope left the jury in no doubt as to the man's guilt.

Murder cases hit the biggest headlines, but they do not provide the bulk of the work that falls to the scientific investigator. Larceny and housebreaking, forgery and car cases are more frequent in his calendar. There was a £1,000 jewel theft some months ago at some flats in Putney. The jewels had vanished, the jewel-case remained behind. In it was a minute fragment of fibre. From it Dr. Holden's microscope produced the evidence that betrayed the thief. A porter had been on duty at the flats at the time of the theft and the fibre was identical in fabric and dyestuff with fibre from the man's uniform. A conviction followed

Scientific 'Tec

It is to Lord Trenchard's foresight that Scotland Yard owes the inception of its "stinks" room. The brain that laid the foundations of the Royal Air Force, made its contributions to crime detection when Trenchard was Commissioner of Metropolitan Police from 1931 to 1935. Since his day the department has developed into one of the key branches at the Yard. Dr. Holden now has the collaboration of a Deputy Director (Dr. G. E. Turfitt), a senior scientific officer, a scientific officer and two experimental officers.

To complete the Scotland Yard team there is Inspector C. R. M. Cuthbert who rejoices in the title of Police Liaison Officer. His job is that of translator—to present police inquiries in scientific terms and to state scientific findings in police language. Reversing the process of Holden's development, Cuthbert began as policeman and turned to science. Joining the department as a foundation member of the staff in 1935 he has travelled so far along the scientific road that he ranks as a scientific 'tec in his own right.

Another member of the team of expert investigators is Dr. Roche-Lynch, who holds the post of senior officials analyst to the Home Office. Like Holden he is a laboratory worker, who has learned to apply the processes of science to the ends of justice. Justice and science, he finds, are to be served with the same meticulous accuracy and regard for the minutiate, or particles of truth. For, it is amongst the infinitesimally small that he looks for evidence. A grain of arsenic in the stomach, a trace of it in the hair—nothing is too minute.

Eye Tests

You could call him the mildest mannered man who ever hanged a murderer. He is of slight build, an unpretentious figure, but one to whose words His Majesty's Judges have learned to listen with respect. His purpose is transcendently plain—to state not a case but the facts as he finds them. The conclusion to be drawn is a matter for others; his business is to give the results of his laboratory researches.

Whether these point to the guilt or innocence of the man in the dock it is all one to him so long as truth is served To this end his patience is illimitable. There was one murder trial for which he prepared no fewer than 146 exhibits to make his testimony plain to judge and jury

Blood tests are one of Roche-Lynch's specialities. He has introduced successive refinements into this method of classifying human beings. In the early days only four blood groups were known—A, B, AB and O. But researches in which Roche-Lynch has taken the leading part, have added further precision—A1 and A2 sub groups, M, N, and P and the Rhesus factor. Testing has been perfected to such a degree that a small stain of dried blood is sufficient to enable the analyst to pronounce upon it.

Out of court and the laboratory Roche-Lynch is most likely to be found amongst his students, for he is gifted as instructor as well as analyst. One of the leading teachers of forensic medicine he is also one of the most popular. Never is he more happy than when the centre of an eager, argumentative throng of young men and women; and they are never better pleased than when he is among them, which cannot be said of all professors. To complete the picture of Roche-Lynch add a carnation—and, the picture is not complete without one. His passion is divided between truth and carnations. Beauty, for him, is a stimulus and inspiration in the arduous pursuit of truth.

Eye For Clues

Were you looking for Sherlock Holmes in real life, you might do worse than identify him in the person of Cedric Keith Simpson, pathologist and consultant to the Home Office. Here is an investigator who corresponds in some measure with the popular notion of what a scientific 'tec should be. A spare, agile figure, he bears all the evidence of a vigorous personality. Follow him during a day's professional labours, from laboratory to court, from court to scene of crime, and back to laboratory again. Watch his quick movements at his wooden-topped bench, amongst bottles, test tubes and all the paraphernalia of his job—witness his activity and you will not be surprised that his associates call him the human dynamo.

This is the man who is the scientific fieldworker. His H.Q. may be in the laboratory, but he is just as much at home at the scene of crime as any policeman. He has an eye for clues, a natural aptitude developed by training and experience. The mantle of Bernard Spilsbury seems to be his inheritance. The great Spilsbury, who died a year or so ago, was concerned in tracking the outstanding murderers of his generation. He earned the title of the perfect witness. The murderer of today has as much reason to fear the penetration of Keith Simpson.

He took to medicine as an inherited profession. His father was a Brighton G.P., who was called the "angel of Preston" at the time of the influenza epidemic that followed the first World War. Entire families went down before the virus and Dr. Simpson (senior) with a formidable bunch of front door keys, shopped for as well as dosed his army of patients. Only this last month his death was mourned by a wide circle of friends.

Cedric Keith qualified in 1930 and was attracted to forensic medicine. It was not long before he had made a name for himself. Now, at 42, he is one of the youngst of Home Office consultants, lecturer on forensic medicine and curator of the Gordon Museum at Guy's. This contains the best collection of pathological specimens to be found in the country. In thousands of jars lining the walls, you will find potted evidence of practically every ill to which the body and its organs are heir

The other day you may have seen a picture of Dr. Simpson on the job in a Sussex yard. It was an intriguing picture for the public, but a supreme annoyance for him. Publicity is his bugbear. He avoids the Press like the plague.

It was a task of some difficulty to track him and gain sufficient of a glimpse of him to present this inadequate sketch. How, indeed, can you present an adequate personal sketch when your subject practises the extreme of non-co-operation?

In the recently published picture, you may also have seen the secretary, Jean Scott Dunn, who plays Dr. Watson to Keith's Sherlock. This dark-haired, brown-eyed girl, still in her twenties, has a job that some women might envy, but many would scarcely care to hold. It is not one for the squeamish. But there is no trace of the macabre about this efficient secretary, who contrives to bring a touch of brightness and elegance to the grim scene.

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A COLOURFUL FESTIVAL

Divali worship of Ganesh and Lakshmi for free and full flow of wealth and prosperity.

Sparkler in the hand brings a beaming smile on the face.

★

New year handshake symbolic of "One World" among children

Wreath of lights with floral background is the New Year welcome sight everywhere

—Vanguard Photos

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